

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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OF THE

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FOR THE YEAR

1880

AND THE PROGRESS OF THE

LANDS

IN THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA

AND THE

LANDS BELONGING TO THE

UNITED STATES

AND THE

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AND THE

UNITED STATES

THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.*

TO the shelves of our biographic library—which if they do not teem with perfectly-written lives, do yet contain records in richer profusion of moral and intellectual earnestness in a larger proportion than, we believe, could be furnished from any period of history previous to our own—comes this goodly and long-desired addition. We are too thankful to the affectionate editor to inquire very critically whether he has the capacity for telling such a story as Stanley has told of Arnold, or Carlyle of Sterling. Assuredly he is not wanting in reverential appreciation of the subject of his memoir; of the extent to which he is himself an artist in the science of biography, we have even yet scarcely inquired; his records have been far enough from disappointing us: of what would be called properly biographical material, the power to tell a story, to recite a life, or spread out a scenic and attractive canvas, there is very little; but the other materials are rich to the utmost satisfaction. In these volumes the reader is permitted to see the seeds and roots of those rich and attractive stems which grew up to so rich and branching a foliage in the pulpit. No impression he has formed of this instructive, eloquent, and extraordinary nature, will be chilled or diminished; rather, all those impressions will be carried forward into feelings which, if prevented from reaching to the higher platforms of human reverence by the vehement impulsiveness of the object of them, and the absence of that divine calm, which seems to be one of the essential conditions of such exalted emotion, will, nevertheless, reach feelings little short of that, in the contact with a nature so noble and heroic, so ra-

* *Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. 1847-53. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. 2 vols., with portraits. Smith, Elder, and Co.*

diant and strong, through its tearful tenderness and physical weakness. Here, without a doubt—if we are permitted, in apocalyptic vision and language, to behold the spectacle of the redeemed overcomers after their baptism of fire, and tribulation, and pain, as kings and priests unto God, and unto the Lamb—was one who, as we read, impresses us as possessed of attributes at once of the king and the priest. Upon the day on which this work was published, we happened to be in a large town five hundred miles from London, and the first intimation we had that the long-expected book had made its appearance was the spectacle of long rows of copies in all the larger booksellers' shops. The night after, twelve hundred persons were gathered together in the same town, to hear a popular exposition, by a well known literary man, of the life of Robertson of Brighton. Something like the same enthusiasm this circumstance indicates would be found in almost every part of the empire. We do not go too far, we believe, in saying that no preacher has so touched the universal heart of the thoughtful, earnest classes of our day; and we are greatly mistaken if the two volumes before us be not the noblest sermon of all; at any rate, confidence in all the previous printed words will be deepened and strengthened after reading this record of a most real and brave life. To the world at large, Robertson did not speak until after his death; only one sermon, and a lecture or two were published during his life. The period of his absolute influence was very short; it was comprehended within the little better than five years he ministered in Brighton: he was not a pulpit star; was unknown for the most part away from home; would not have been at all likely to have created much stir by his name in any town to whose churches he might have been invited to preach for society purposes. In Brighton, while he struck down to the very roots of the reverence of those who knew and listened to him, he was in a far more eminent degree the target for calumny, scorn, and persecution; his church was one of the poorest and most obscure in Brighton—only about equal to, and not quite so handsome, as second-rate Dissenting chapels in the same town; yet from that town, and that little Trinity Church, went forth words which, for penetrating and searching sweetness and strength, for subtle power of at once awakening to a sense of, and reconciling the spirit to, the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, have had a most singular influence. It surely should be a lesson very helpful and suggestive, not only that "he being "dead yet speaketh,"—but really he did not begin to speak from his present influential platform at all until after Brighton, suddenly smitten with an astonishing grief, followed him, in long

procession, to his grave in the hollow of the Downs he loved so much; and it surely adds something to the pathos of that procession to know, as we have gathered, not from Mr. Brooke's memoirs, but from residents in the town, how among the followers was one remarkable lady, wending her way on foot—Lady Byron—who would not go in her carriage, “unworthy,” as she said, “to ride after such remains.”

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON was the eldest of seven children; he was born February 3rd, 1816. He came from a military stock; he was born in the house of his grandfather, Colonel Robertson, in London. His father, who is still alive, was a captain in the Royal Artillery; he had three brothers, all military men, and by one of those hairbreadth chances, as some would speak, but which we should rather trace to “the Divinity which shapes our ends,” Robertson himself escaped the Seventeenth Dragoons. Many elements in his nature compelled him through all his after life to look back, not unregretfully, to this. There was much of the soldier in him, and far on, when nearly at the end of his career, he writes, how, “as I walked home in my dragoon cloak, I thought that I ought to be at this moment lying in it at rest at Moodkee, where the Third fought so gallantly, and where spots of brighter green than usual are the only record to mark where the flesh of heroes is melting into its kindred dust again.”

In his boyhood he was a wanderer. The first five years of his life were passed at Leith Fort; then his father left Leith, and settled, on half-pay, at Beverley, in Yorkshire. Subsequently, the family resided at Tours—was again compelled to travel home, by the revolution which broke out in 1830. At sixteen years of age, he was placed in the New Academy, Edinburgh. Notwithstanding this scattered existence, he seems to have been very carefully and watchfully trained, and the almost romantic variety of impressions of the days of his childhood and boyhood always stood out with great distinctness in his mind. We can well believe how fond he was of wanderings over downs and moors, how he cherished almost a passion for animals, but especially for birds. The frame, consumed at last in the intense furnace of soul, was, as a boy's, almost iron in its stoutness and strength; animated, too, even then, by a dreamy brightness of chivalry and young imagination in which the lad liked to conceive himself a knight seeking adventures, and redressing wrongs; also, there is proof of the possession not merely of a fine sensitiveness of nerve, but of a clear sense of duty; a fine sense also of devoutness and reverence there must have been in him: prayer seems to have been quite an actual fact with

the little lad from his child's days. The following extract from a letter written when in Brighton puts the intense reality of the boy's early religious feeling in a strong light :—

I remember when a very, very young boy, going out shooting with my father, and praying, as often as the dogs came to a point, that he might kill the bird. As he did not always do this, and as sometimes there would occur false points, my heart got bewildered. I believe I began to doubt sometimes the efficacy of prayer, sometimes the lawfulness of field sports. Once, too, I recollect, when I was taken up with nine other boys at school to be unjustly punished, I prayed to escape the shame. The master, previously to flogging all the others, said to me, to the great bewilderment of the whole school—"Little boy, I excuse you; I have particular reasons for it," and, in fact, I was never flogged during the three years I was at that school. That incident settled my mind for a long time; only I doubt whether it did me any good, for prayer became a charm. I fancied myself the favourite of the Invisible. I knew that I carried about a talisman unknown to others which would save me from all harm. It did not make me better; it simply gave me security, as the Jew felt safe in being the descendant of Abraham, or went into battle under the protection of the Ark, sinning no less all the time.

Many years afterwards, when only taking part at a debate in Oxford, at the Union, when a young student, he was about to denounce the moral tendency of the theatre, before he spoke he was quite nervous; his friend, afterwards the Rev. Mr. Davies, Vicar of Tewkesbury, was sitting next to him, Robertson pressed his knee, and whispered in his ear, "Davis, pray for me!" But before reaching Oxford he passed through several phases of possible destiny in life; for a little time he was in a lawyer's office; this he utterly detested and abominated; his heart yearned towards the army. "I was rocked and cradled," he writes, "in the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home;" but his father very naturally thought that Frederick's character and deep religious feeling well fitted him for the Church, and he proposed this to him as a profession; his answer was decisive, "Anything but that, I'm not fit for it." And there seemed a difficulty in his entering the army, but his mother's family having some influence with the king, his name was put down on the list for a cavalry regiment serving in India. He was enraptured, and immediately set to work to prepare for that profession. Before his departure for India, he made the acquaintance, apparently in a most casual manner, of Mr. Davies, whose name we have just mentioned; the casual acquaintance changed the whole current and course of his life. It could not be expected that such a change could happen to a man like Robertson without its producing a

singular impression upon his mind ;—in fact, it came about from the barking of a dog. Lady Trench resided next door to Captain Robertson ; she had a daughter seriously ill ; the young lady was prevented from sleeping by the barking of Captain Robertson's dog. The families were strangers to each other, but Lady Trench wrote to beg that the dog might be removed ; the dog was not only removed, but in so kind and acquiescent a manner that Lady Trench called to express her thanks. She was so much struck with the bearing of the eldest son, that an intimacy sprung up between the families, which resulted in the introduction of young Robertson to some of Lady Trench's clerical friends ; one of them, Mr. Daly, now Bishop of Cashel, was no sooner introduced than he struck at the question whether it were definitely fixed that he should go into the army ; the impression of his unaffected piety convincing Mr. Daly that he ought to be in the church. It seems to have been an amazing self-sacrifice to Robertson, but so it came about, that to the barking of a dog we probably owe those wealthy volumes of fine instinctive teaching and exhortation. There is an extract from one of his posthumous papers showing how deeply this circumstance impressed him ; he is speaking of his favourite theory, that all great truths consist of two opposites which are not contradictory—

“ All is free,” he says : “ that is false ; all is fated—that is false. All things are free and fated—that is true. I cannot overthrow the argument of the man who says that everything is fated, or, in other words, that God orders all things, and cannot change that order. If I had not met a certain person, I should not have changed my profession : if I had not known a certain lady, I should not probably have met this person : if that lady had not had a delicate daughter who was disturbed by the barking of my dog ; if my dog had not barked that night, I should now have been in the Dragoons, or fertilising the soil of India. Who can say that these things were not ordered, and that, apparently, the merest trifles did not produce failure and a marred existence ? ”

So he went to Oxford ; and he was studying in Oxford during a great period of its history, when Dr. Newman was in the full heat and excitement of his influence there. The strong reaction of Robertson's mind against Romanizing, Puseyistic, and High Church influence rendered him, we believe, unconscious to the almost involuntary power Newman's mind had over him. But we think it is impossible to turn over the pages of those admirable and most extraordinary sermons, heard those days within the walls of St. Mary's, and little more, without feeling that, probably, more to Newman than to any other teacher, Frederick

Robertson was indebted for the first seeds of his peculiar thought. Two scenes also in Oxford impressed him much : while he was there, he heard Arnold of Rugby give his famous Lectures on History, when all that was brilliant, wise, or distinguished, thronged the University Theatre in order to listen ;—a still more sublime sight he saw when the patriarch, Wordsworth, was introduced by John Keble to receive his honorary degree. There were wonderful tempests of acclamations, and the lesson in either instance, to one able to receive it, would be the same, of gladness in the hour of triumph, and sympathy with those who had loved these men when the world despised them. Like Newman himself, he seems to have entered the University either as an evangelical, or with strong tendencies to evangelicalism ; he narrowly escaped Newmanism, and for ourselves we marvel—it is to us even almost a psychological puzzle—how one constituted as he was, could have escaped that strong influence. We hurry along through those days, oppressed even then by an early and premature sadness of heart, not wanting in brightness, college friendships, and in that which we should suppose always most essential to Robertson, the possibility of companionship with pure and noble women ; so he says at that time, “ the woof of life is dark, but it is shot with “ a warp of gold.” His first work as a pastor was at Winchester, and he seems to have worked well. He says he was conscious of having developed his mind and character more truly, and with more fidelity, at Winchester than anywhere ; there he led a life apparently of much austerity ; he was but a curate—rather, we believe, a deacon—and his income probably was but very small. He submitted to austerities not merely for the purpose of keeping himself under, but that he might have more money to spare for the poor. He established a system of restraint in food and sleep ; for nearly twelve months he denied himself the use of meat ; he compelled himself to rise early ; he inspired himself by the lives of Henry Martyn and David Brainerd. When he was at Brighton he turned back with envious feelings to the peace of his mind in the obscure Winchester days. Also, as the little lad had prayed in earnest before the terrible school-master, with much more intensity of earnestness prayed the young minister now. He disliked forms of prayer, yet he felt the necessity of them to sustain the spiritual life within him ; and here is a prayer he wrote when at Oxford, and used when at Winchester—how very real and earnest it is ! Dear, angelic man ! there is something very touching in reading these lines—disentombed from among his

papers—record of the wild beating heart that knew its danger and wanted its Saviour :—

“The enemy has come in like a flood. We look for Thy promise. Do Thou lift up a standard against him. O Lord, here in Oxford, we believe that he is poisoning the streams which are to water Thy Church at their source. Pardon us if we err. Oh, lead us into all truth. But, O our God, if we are not mistaken, if the light which is in us is darkness—how great is that darkness! Lighten our darkness in this University with the pure and glorious light of the Gospel of Christ. Help, Lord, for the faithful are minished from among the children of men. My Father, I am like a child, blown about by every wind of doctrine. How long shall I walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet myself in vain? Let not my inconsistent, selfish conduct be a pretext for blasphemy against Thy saints and persisting in heresy. Hear me, my Lord and Master.”

Also, in his own mind, he set apart in those days particular days to pray for particular things. It is, perhaps, clear, as his biographer intimates, that he was in the period of his apprenticeship, becoming an individual, scarcely an individual yet. He seems to have worked hard in his parish, but all his work dissatisfied him; he even quotes and applies to himself Byron's well known lines—but perhaps we may read in the complaint a prophecy rather of what he became :—

As it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

And when his sister died, he speaks of “longing to share her “quiet shroud and her departure to be with Christ.” But it was about the year 1840—when by the death of his rector there came an end to his curacy at Winchester—he was quickened into a new life by a continental tour. Geneva fascinated him; his letters from the Hôtel de la Couronne show, too, that objective theology had laid hold upon him, and from the exercises of a holy life he was now reviewing more clearly the successive strata of religious opinion. Also he met with Helen, third daughter of Sir George William Denys, Bart., of Easton Neston, Northamptonshire; they seem to have married almost immediately, and as immediately to have returned to England, where, at Cheltenham, we find him again for some time a curate. He threw himself into his new field of work with his whole energy—his private journals reveal the holy life of the man—reading indeed admirable books—Dante, German metaphysics, Niebuhr, and Guizot; but also marshalling himself especially to self-denial in eating. He says in his journal, “It is a paltry

"trial for a child of glory to fail in, it is a base return for the "washing of the blood of Christ." Also disciplining himself in early rising, because "it gives calmness to the day; late rising is "the prelude to a day in which everything seems to go wrong." We are very well aware of the pie-crusty character of good resolutions and rules; but perhaps Robertson found it easier to obey them than some of us have found. Surely the following resolves in so young a minister exhibit a painfully earnest and exemplary conscience:—

Resolves.—To try to learn to be thoroughly poor in spirit, meek, and to be ready to be silent when others speak.

To learn from every one.

To try to feel my own insignificance.

To believe in myself, and the powers with which I am intrusted.

To try to make conversation more useful, and therefore to store my mind with facts, yet to be on my guard against a wish to shine.

To try to despise the principle of the day, "every man his own trumpeter;" and to feel it a degradation to speak of my own doings, as a poor braggart.

To endeavour to get over the adulterous-generation-habit of seeking a sign. I want a loud voice from Heaven to tell me a thing is wrong, whereas a little experience of its results is enough to prove that God is against it. It does not cohere with the everlasting laws of the universe.

To speak less of self, and think less.

To aim at more concentration of thought.

To try to overcome castle-building.

To be systematic in visiting; and to make myself master of some system of questions for ascertaining the state of the poor.

To listen to conscience, instead of, as Pilate did, to intellect.

To try to fix attention on Christ, rather than on the doctrines of Christ.

To preserve inviolable secrecy on all secrets committed to me, especially on any confidential communication of spiritual perplexities.

To take deep interest in the difficulties of others so communicated.

To perform rigorously the examen of conscience.

To try to fix my thoughts in prayer, without distraction.

To contend, one by one, against evil-thoughts.

To watch over a growing habit of uncharitable judgment.

His mind, on many matters, was undergoing change; from some cause in those years which we might have thought would have looked bright to him, he was still racked by moral suffering. He writes to a lady, "What worthy crown can any "son of man wear upon this earth except a crown of thorns?" And there is abundant evidence that some gnawing disappoint-

ment was plaiting for him a crown of thorns; partly, perhaps, this arose from an intense religious disgust which began to possess him; he found the religious life in Cheltenham so widely different from the simple spiritual life he had seen among his poor parishioners in Winchester. He was separating himself from evangelicalism; even then he began to say severe things about the evangelicals; "They tell lies in the name of God, and others tell lies in the name of the devil, that is all the difference," he says. He soon relinquished his charge at Cheltenham; his health began to fail, and for some time we find him on the Continent, doing duty at Heidelberg; returning, the Bishop of Calcutta offered him a chaplaincy in his diocese, with the promise of a canonry; he did not, however, now desire to leave home. He placed himself at the disposal of the Bishop of Oxford, and he offered him the charge of St. Ebbe's, in the city of Oxford. It has been supposed from his connection with the Bishop of Oxford, that at this time he sympathized with the views of the High Church party; but,

"Before my son," writes Captain Robertson, "went to St. Ebbe's, he saw the Bishop in London, and frankly told him that he did not hold, and therefore could not preach, the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The Bishop replied, 'I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if they do not step beyond that I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject.' An hour's conversation followed, and at the close his lordship said, 'Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer.' It was at once accepted."

In fact, Robertson had no sympathy with the views of the High Church party, but great sympathy with the men holding those views. Clearly and naturally he had more fellowship of heart with them than with the men of the evangelical party. He utterly distrusted and repudiated *their* views on baptism, and perhaps did them but scant justice; nor can we see that he thought unfairly or unrighteously if he regarded the *Record* as embodying and exhibiting not only their sentiments but their character. That malignant and wicked paper has, perhaps, done more to scatter abroad the seeds of religious dissension and strife, to spread the heresies of Plymouth Brethrenism, to alienate honest minds from the church which it professes to represent, to nourish a malevolent Pharisaism, and, in one word, to create and spread infidelity in Christianity altogether, than any organ we could well mention. It does, with its drivelling, much the same work the *Saturday Review*

does with its large, unsanctified, and unhallowed power. The *Record* was always Robertson's aversion; it soon became his bitter and malicious foe. While thus his mind was veering between these two extremes of his church, and cutting its own way through tempests and fogs into seas unquestionably lightful and peaceful to him, if not altogether the region of the happy isles, Trinity Chapel, Brighton, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Kennaway, was offered to him. He considered himself pledged by having accepted St. Ebbe's from the Bishop of Oxford, and refused at once; the Bishop, however, gave his consent to the trustees, Lord Teignmouth, Rev. James Anderson, and Mr. Thornton, to open their negotiations with him again; the result was, that in the August of 1847, he became the minister of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, the scene of his last brief pastorate, of his most collected energies. In each of the other spots of his ministry, we have seen him more especially engaged in educating himself, and feeling his own way; henceforth there is no hesitancy; whether people liked the sound of "the trumpet" or not, one thing is certain, it gave no "uncertain sound." He rightly appreciated upon his entrance into the town the career of difficulty before him. It was a sphere, to a nature like his, so conscious and sensitive, at the same time so humble, earnest, and real, full of besetting pains. A watering-place can never furnish to any well-constituted mind a happy pastorate; all the worst things of even the best pieces of human nature, come out, and few of their best; seeming and show glitter on every side; people have no time, even if they have tendencies, to be real. Usually, the ministers of watering-places are those whom Robertson himself satirized as "never being able to forget the drill and pipe-clay of their profession, and speak with a living heart to the suffering classes." Usually, the ideal minister in such places is "not one of the same flesh and blood, vindicating a common humanity, but a policeman established to lecture the suffering into propriety." His Cheltenham education had a little enlightened him as to the difficulties he would meet with here, but he threw himself ardently into his work; he lived in Brighton, lived for Brighton; Trinity Chapel and its work instantly became the one absorbing object of his thought and endeavour. Scarcely, indeed, had he entered upon his labour than he lost his little daughter. One of his first letters speaks of his "perfectly beautiful little thing," and of his "returning from putting my little beautiful one myself into her grave, after a last look at her calm, placid countenance lying in her coffin. It was by starlight, with only the sexton present; but it was

"more congenial to my heart to bury her so than in the midst of a crowd, in the glaring daylight, with the service gabbled over her." The following passages, apparently from a journal, indicate the spirit and resolve with which he entered upon his work in his new field:—

1. I want two things—habit of order and *de suite*. I begin many things and re-begin, each time with greater disrelish and self-distrust. At last, life will be a broken series of unfinished enterprises.

Hence, I must resolve to finish: and to do this, I must not undertake till I have well weighed, e.g. I will not now give up German. I will study scripture-books thoroughly through, histories separately and thoroughly.

I am conscious of having developed my mind and character more truly, and with more fidelity at Winchester than anywhere. Looking back I think I perceive reasons for this. First, I went out little: hence, perfected what I undertook before fresh impulses started up to destroy the novelty and interest of the impulse already set in motion. It came to its limit unexhausted, e.g. in studying Edwards.

Hence, I think, it will be wise at Brighton to go out little; and even to exercise self-denial in this. But I will not commit myself to any plan by *expressed* resolve. I have now only a few years to live. "Mein Gott! ernst ist das Leben! möchte ich es fühlen!"

My danger is excitability—even in Scripture conversations was it not so? This makes me effeminate, irresolute, weak in character—led by circumstances, not bending them by strong will to my own plan and purpose. Therefore, I must seek calm in regular duty, avoiding desultory reading—desultory visits.

2. *Artificial excellences*.—Goodness demands a certain degree of nerve, impulse, sudden inspiration.* Characters too much trained miss these. Some turn their eyes perpetually on self in painful self-examination. Suspicion destroys the *élan* of virtue, its freshness, grace, beauty, and spontaneousness. Artificial merits are like artificial flowers—scentless. Cultivate natural and not unnatural excellences.

3. *Explanations* are bad things. "Man betrügt sich oder den andern, und meist beide. Götz." You preserve your own dignity by not entering into them. The character which cannot defend itself is not worth defending.

4. *My mind is difficult to get into activity*—unbewegsam. Therefore, in order to prepare for speaking, preaching, &c., it is good to take a stirring book, even if not directly touching upon the subject in hand. Love is all with me. Mental power comes from interest in a subject. What I have to set in motion is some grand notion—such as duty, beauty, time in its rapid flight, &c.

Also, he felt, with a true presentiment, that his work would kill him in a few years, and he determined to crowd as much

as possible into those few. Scarcely had he commenced his work, when, as our readers well remember, in the February of 1848, the waves of that great European revolution broke forth in Paris, and rolled over the nations of Europe. Robertson was one of those, naturally, who sprung up as if inspired by what he, perhaps, too precipitately regarded as a "bridal dawn "of thunder peals." His utterances and sentiments created more attention, possibly, than sympathy; but they gathered round him a number of persons of liberal sentiment, and his strong sympathies with liberty, and especially freedom of thought, and his fellowship with the working classes, and grief for their condition in England, and in other nations, made him well known, and proportionately slandered and misunderstood. Robertson, unlike Kingsley and Maurice, had no sympathy whatever with any kind of socialistic or communistic theory; he, with great respect, declined the fellowship of opinion. Yet the *Record* newspaper not only raised the cry of socialism against him, but continued to reiterate it after his disavowal, and loudly re-asserted the charge after his death. There seem to have been favourable circumstances, partly created by the events of the time, and undoubtedly responded to by his own spirit, which made Robertson especially a centre of attraction to a large number of the working classes in Brighton. He became the animating brain and heart of an Institute numbering some twelve or fifteen hundred members. It does not seem from any records in the life before us that it achieved very much—parties in Brighton are remarkable for their friability and power of desiccation and decay—and even in his life seeds of dissension began to bring forth fruit, as is manifest in the strong discussion upon the proposition to admit infidel books into the library of the Working Men's Association. Mr. Brooke gives a striking and graphic picture of his appearance in the Town Hall to oppose the introduction of such works: A large number of sceptical socialists had come prepared to hoot him down:—

He began very quietly, with a slow, distinct, and self-restrained utterance. He explained the reason of the meeting. When he spoke of himself as the person who had summoned them—as one who was there to oppose the introduction of the infidel books, knots of men started up to interrupt him; a few hisses and groans were heard; but the undaunted bearing of the man, the calm voice and musical flow of pauseless speech, powerful to check unregulated violence by its regulated quietude of utterance, went on, and they could but sit down again. Again and again, from different parts of the room, a man would suddenly spring to his feet and half begin to speak, and then, as if ashamed or awed, subside. There were murmurs, passionate shuffling of feet, a

sort of electricity of excitement, which communicated itself from the excited men to every one in the room. At last, when he said, "You have heard of a place called Coward's Castle—Coward's Castle is that pulpit or platform, from which a man surrounded by his friends, in the absence of his opponents, secure of applause, and safe from a reply, denounces those who differ from him," there was a dead stillness. He had struck the thought of the turbulent—the very point on which, in reference to the address, they had enlarged; and from that moment there was not a word, scarcely a cheer, till the last sentence was given. It seemed, said one of them, and what he said was confirmed by others, as if every man in the room were thrilling with the same feelings, as if a magnetic power flowing from the speaker had united them all to himself, and in him to one another. The address was the most remarkable of all his speeches for eloquence, if eloquence be defined as the power of subjugating men by bold and persuasive words. It was remarkable for two other reasons which may not occur to the ordinary reader. First, in it he revealed much of his inner life and character. He was forced by the circumstances under which he made the address to speak of himself. The personal explanations into which he entered were an overt self-revelation. But there was one passage in the address in which, without the knowledge of his hearers, he disclosed the history of the most momentous period of his life.

To speak in a provincial town hall to an ordinary meeting of a thousand persons is an event common enough; but the tact of Robertson's speech on that evening; his powerful subjugation of his blatant antagonists, especially by his clever allusion to "Coward's Castle;" the touching revelation of the history of his own mind, and what dark thoughts had been to him; the reverence with which he treated himself, and the perfectly overwhelming reverence with which he spoke of his Saviour—"I refuse to permit discussion this evening respecting the love a Christian man bears to his Redeemer—a love more delicate far than the love which was ever borne to sister; or the adoration with which he regards his God—a reverence more sacred than man ever bore to mother;" then the free, unclerical appearance of the man in his black cravat, hurling back the charge of infidelity, "I have learned to hold the mere charge of infidelity very cheap;" his fine expressions of pity over Shelley, his defence of the works of Dickens and their moral significance;—altogether we heartily envy those who had the opportunity of being in that packed hall that evening; and we suppose his appearance is worthy of being mentioned as one of the most astonishing and effective pieces of popular eloquence in our day. The Society in connection with which it was called together continued in existence a short time after his

death, but it has long since fallen to pieces for want of support. He soon found that by a course of conduct like this, however, he was before the bar of what he called the "Brighton 'Inquisition for Heretics ;' " in truth, he was in a region eminently unfavourable to freedom of thought and expression. Church of Englandism, we know, whether it exist as a sentiment or a tradition, is always intolerant of the free life ; and singular enough, for half a century, Dissent in Brighton, while it has been represented by one or two eminently respectable and holy men, has been still more abundantly represented by a collection of little despicable sectaries, mostly of the high Antinomian school of William Huntingdon, containing all his virulence without his force, and his abusiveness without his spiritual eloquence. These have affected the religious atmosphere of the place, and given to its religious life much of the characteristic properties of a jelly fish, the peculiarity of which is that it has nothing of the cohesiveness of jelly in it, and falls to pieces on the slightest touch. Our preacher came into this unpleasant world of things. It was late in his ministry that he wrote, "I do dislike Brighton ; but it is my present sphere, "and I must make the best of it. The ministry is nowhere a "bed of roses, and if there were so delectable a spot, it is not "open to me to change to, instead of this." Soon after his settling, we find him regretting that his life was not passed in the risk and excitement even of Kaffir land—"more real "than the being badgered by old maids of both sexes in a "place like Brighton." He aimed to be true ; "What is truth ? " he says, "the path to the pillory of ridicule." We think had his heart not been so sore from some unprobed wounds, he, perhaps, would not have spoken thus. We honour the manliness of Robertson, and therefore it is not so much with reference to him that we say, we have little sympathy with sentimental mewing and pecking over either want of excitement, or deteriorated character, or unromantic scenery. Robertson, however, like some sweetly shining and pendulous dew-drop, transparent and refreshing, had a world of awful and daring lightnings in him, and the disagreeable people with whom he met, we expect, caught a scathing sometimes. Thus, one Monday morning an elderly gentleman of evangelical and asinine proclivities waited upon him, introducing himself by saying he had been of great service to young clergymen :—

He arraigned the sermon he had heard in Trinity Chapel the day before ; spoke of dangerous views and the impetuosity of young men ; offered himself as a weekly monitor, and enumerated in conclusion the

perils and inconveniences to which popular preachers were subject. Mr. Robertson, who had remained silent, at last rose. "Really, sir," he said, sternly, "the only inconvenience I have experienced in being what you are pleased to call me, a popular preacher, is intrusion like the present;" and he bowed his censor out of the room.

Another day, a lady, with whom he was slightly acquainted, assailed him for "heterodox opinions," and menaced him with the consequences which in this world and the next would follow on the course of action he was pursuing. His only answer was, "I don't care." "Do you know what don't care came to, sir?" "Yes, madam," was the grave reply, "He was crucified on Calvary."

Anecdotes like these reveal at once his weakness as well as his strength. He had a flashing, vehement, and we suppose even a cruel scorn for all that looked like cant, simulation, or unreality. Moreover, he was too real, which, with our natures and in this world, is quite possible. We find many instances in which he put an unnatural restraint upon himself, exhibited an unwise scornfulness of the surrounding sentiments of things, and was, perhaps, too severe and exacting in his treatment of those who were really not unreal themselves, while falling verbally or apparently into some relationship to unreality. Perhaps he thus sometimes needlessly provoked hostility. How strange it seems, one of the gentlest of creatures, always alive with the divine afflatus of affection, the vindicator of the wronged, the gentle soother of sorrowing and suffering, he, more than any minister in the town—far more than any of whom we have knowledge of the same order—provoked hatred and bitterness. Unnatural as this seems, it is most natural. The divine qualities of truthfulness, reality, and gentleness in a man have been, in all ages, from the time of the Master and the Lord, exactly those which have called out and given active potency to their opposites in human character, just as it is the very beam of light that shows the surrounding gloom. Hence we notice an intense bitterness and scorn in him of sectarianism. He could apply to the *Record*, and its miserable but mischievous imbecilities, the words of the prophet, "Will a man lie for God?" or, "Do not I hate them, oh Lord, that hate thee?"

I have just had sent me the *Record*, in which your letter appears, and thank you heartily for the generous defence of me which it contains. The *Record* has done me the honour to abuse me for some time past, for which I thank them gratefully. God forbid they should ever praise me! One number alone contained four unscrupulous lies about me, on no better evidence than that some one had told them, who had been told by somebody else. They shall have no disclaimer from me. If the *Record* can put a man down, the sooner he is put down the

better. The only time I have ever said anything about Socialism in the pulpit has been to preach against it. The Evangelicalism (so called) of the *Record* is an emasculated cur, snarling at all that is better than itself, cowardly, lying, and slanderous. It is not worth while to stop your horse and castigate it; for it will be off yelping, and come back to snarl. An evangelical clergyman admitted some proofs I had given him of the *Record's* cowardice and dishonesty, but said, "Well, in spite of that I like it, because it upholds the truth, and is a great witness for religion." "So," said I, "is that the creed of evangelicalism? A man may be a liar, a coward, and slanderous, and still uphold the truth!"——

As we read his life, it seems to us we are reading a story of Christian knighthood. There was a chivalry in his character like that we associate, either in truth or error, with the pure, brave knights of the middle ages. All meanness was detestable to him; all suffering was interesting to him, either for the purposes of love or pity; the waters of discipline in which he had bathed had so purified his nature and his vision, that it was greatly from this he was able to give those subtle glances into the pathways of intricate truths. His love and honour for woman was of the true knightly description, chivalrous and pure, and must have been very purifying to his own nature. Something like this from his very earliest days haunted him. He sympathized deeply with woman's frequently too abject condition in modern society, and as he talked to his sisterhood, he shed upon them in private the light of ideas which must have lifted them. "Woman's subjection!" he would say, "what say you to *His*? Obedient — a servant; *wherefore* 'God hath also highly exalted 'Him.' Methinks a thoughtful, high-minded woman would scarcely feel degraded by a lot which assimilates her to the divinest man. 'He came not to be ministered unto, but to 'minister.' " He watched all those slight circumstances which revealed the nobility of woman's character; he thought he saw plenty of the real poetry of life and inarticulate sorrows, far more pitiable than those of an Alfieri, in many a broken-hearted washer-woman, pining under the brutal treatment of her husband, and lost among her soap-suds. The grief, perhaps, could not be spoken, but in all its depths it was there. Here is one of those fine, tender glances in which he shows himself so able to appreciate a woman's character, and so sympathetic with her sorrows, true minister that he was:—

There is one in whom I have been deeply interested; a married man with a family, his wife a very superior woman. He has been reading

very hard, hoping to take his degree; but, to my sorrow, failed in his examination—to him a severe trial on many accounts. I called, he was out; but I found her very much overpowered, and suffering intense anxiety for her husband's bitter disappointment. I sat some time, hoping to soothe; his tread was heard at the front door, and the whole woman was changed. I did not hear another sigh, and she calmly and quietly spoke on the subject, and held up a brighter view of it than she herself saw. The hour of weakness was past, and the deep strong current of a woman's affection bore her up. It was the reed rising from the storm when the oak was shattered.

This respect for womanhood as womanhood—what Charles Lamb calls, in one of the delightful *Essays of Elia*, “the reverence for the sex”—manifested itself not merely in his sympathy with ladies, but in his regard for the feelings and profound respect to servants, winning for him, his biographer testifies, extraordinary devotion while in Brighton; servants also especially appreciated his ministry. Not long after he went to Trinity Chapel, on a Christmas-day, on going into his reading-desk, he found a set of handsome books—Prayer Book, &c.,—which had been presented to him by servants attending the chapel. In the course of his sermon, he delicately alluded to the subject of presents, and drew a picture of the delight which would fill the heart of a brother, who on the morning of his birthday should awake, and find in his chamber a rose, placed there by sisterly affection. Those who had contributed the gift would well understand the beautiful and delicate allusion. He acknowledged it in a letter, in which he says, “I shall never read out of those books without the inspiring feeling that there are hearts around me.” This brotherly feeling for womanhood knit his character to a proportionate intensity of indignation over her wrongs, or upon the manifestation of any attempt to injure her. “I have seen him,” writes one of his friends, “grind his teeth, and clench his fist when passing a man who, he knew, was bent on destroying an innocent girl.” “My blood,” he writes himself, after a conversation on the wrongs of women, “was running liquid fire.” The following little extract illustrates also that chivalry of expression which, there is evidence enough to show, would readily have turned to chivalry in action:—

I read a melancholy story to-day. A young English lady, who had been sent from Australia to finish her education in England, was returning to her parents, when the vessel was wrecked, and all the party with whom she was, except herself, was slain. She was taken prisoner

by the natives, and has been forced to live with them ever since. She has been seen more than once, vigilantly attended by a black. She is hurried away instantly when the whites are seen. All efforts hitherto to penetrate the forest, and discover her, have been unavailing. The Australian savage is almost lower than the Bosjesman in the scale of humanity. Conceive such a lot for a refined and educated girl. Poor, poor thing ! I should like to be in Australia. In my present mood, I would lead the forlorn hope in search of her ; I would not recommend any black to come within reach of my rifle. How much better a virgin grave in the Atlantic would have been for her !

With this, or because of this, there was no misconception of the proper social position of woman ; he had too much reverence for her to chatter about her rights, after the fashion of some who affect to reform her social influence. While he reminded some of his friends that their theory about woman reduced her very much to the position of "a merely unemancipated negro," he humorously described the difference thus, "As *you* say, Woman is to man what the gristle of a child is to the hard skull of an adult ; as *I* say, what the brain is to the skull, or the flesh to the ribs."

We have already said Mr. Brooke's volumes reveal the character of Robertson, not by reciting a story, but by grouping together into harmony and consistency extracts from his papers, and journals, and multifarious letters. We must leave our readers to derive the impression of the character as a whole from reference to the volumes themselves. Externally, they do not show much ; internally, they are a wondrous revelation of mental and moral conflict, and work attempted and done. To us, we confess, Robertson seems a mystery ; we could almost feel, as we lay down his life, as though its story were yet untold. Such revelations break forth of constant internal wretchedness ; the life was so faithful, the trust in God and in Christ so unbroken ; yet the heart was so hungry and unsatisfied. It will be said, this arose from the exquisite structure of his nature, a kind of Cowper of the pulpit, composed of harp-strings so fine, that the finger or the wind touching them soon turned the strain to discord. Then, if any nature ever had a profound sense of the wretchedness of life and the world he had. Does this satisfy us as to the cause of his sorrow ? Mr. Brooke says :—

His sensitiveness followed him into society, and constituted his pleasure and his pain. He was easily jarred ; but when in tune with those around him, when in the company of those he loved and trusted, the harmony of his nature imparted itself to all around him. In

his happier moods he was as radiant as a child : he joined with a fascinating cheerfulness in the games and merriment of young people ; it seemed a relief to him to throw off with them the whole burden of life, and to forget the sorrow and disappointment with which his career was beset. His whole being blossomed under the sunshine of love and comprehension : in such society he diffused peace, and drew out from each all that was best and purest ; but where he felt that he was suspected and misunderstood, he would often sit silent for the whole evening.

His biographer confesses that in his views he sometimes became morbid. He refreshed himself by visiting the poor ; but the terrible contradiction which sorrow, pain, and sin seemed to give to the truth that the Ruler of the world is love, pressed upon him with a fierce force ; " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? " he perpetually asked. He thought life not worth living unless that question could be answered. He was reckless of life : one day, while riding with his wife and some friends, he put his horse at a lofty hedge ; it was a very dangerous leap, his friends earnestly dissuaded him, but he could not be conquered, and did not believe in danger ; he urged his horse, took the leap, and came down with a crash on the other side. The lookers-on thought that both rider and horse must have sustained injury ; he got up smiling, but he owned he had been too rash. Robertson was not a fool, but in the presence of loving hearts, a man who could, without a cause, for no sake of humanity, encounter a frightful risk before an anxious wife, should be a fool or something far more sad. Circumstances like these occurring in his life seem to reveal that he had no zest in living. We have no doubt that in a very high sense he was a martyr ; he used to say, " It is perfectly true that whenever there is a great soul pouring out its utterances to the world there will be a Calvary." Yet he did not advise purposeless martyrdom. " Be sure," he would say, " that the truth is one worth suffering for, or that the people to whom you speak are worth its illumination. Thus you may save yourself the irritation of attacking the prejudices of Pharisees, which exhausts and does no good ; like a great horse kicking at flies, every kick covering him with sweat, and enough to break twenty men's lives. You always get the worst of it when you kick at flies ; squash them, if you can, without more effort than the switching of the tail ; if not, let them alone." Yet he suffered enough of more than irritation in the buzzing and the stinging of the flies. Great as was his success from the pulpit, we have no doubt, that, while grace and Providence placed him there, nature had rather fitted him for a poet ; he had every faculty, it

would seem, which would have made him a great poet—the exquisite flow of rhythmic and penetrative speech; an eye of exceeding sensibility for the finest shades, and groupings, and powers of natural scenery; a deep acquaintance and fellowship with souls; an absorbing sense of the Infinite Presence always walking by his side; a synthetic faculty by which he held in his hand the great generalization of things; and a fine power of analysis in detecting the differences of things, and separating them into proportions. We have called him the Cowper of the pulpit, in allusion to his sadness, his power of satire and of scorn, his sensitive, shrinking delicacy of touch; but there the analogy ends. His indebtedness to Wordsworth, his homage to Tennyson, united to his own mighty power of assimilation, and especially to his sense of the mystery of things, and the perpetual shadows reflected by them from unseen worlds, gave to his sermons more of the character of those two great teachers—especially the elder and the higher of the two—than any preacher with whom we are acquainted. Making allowances for the happy circumstances of Robertson's culture, his easy entrance to the most cultured classes, the best books, travel, and all the best sources of information; remembering the advantages of one man over the other, we can have little hesitation in saying—and our knowledge of the modern pulpit is pretty extensive—that Thomas Jones of London bears the closest resemblance with which we are acquainted, to that wild and passionate dealing with nature, that de-conventionalizing an audience, tearing aside its veils and masks, and that pouring forth, through the deeper recesses discovered in human souls, rays of light or waters of consolation. Robertson always seems to us the poet in the pulpit. We have referred to his power of depicting scenery, and that which is the true poet gift, the synthesis of the human heart, with a scene, making soul and sense the tubes or chords of the great instrument sending forth the tones of melody. Here, for instance, is a walk to Hove churchyard:—

I went out this afternoon to get some fresh air, and cool a little feverishness. After a walk I bent my steps to the spot most congenial to my feelings at that time, the churchyard at Hove. It was quite dark, but the moon soon rose and shed a quiet light upon the long church and the white tombstones. I went in and was pleased to hear not a single human sound far or near. The moon was rising, like glowing copper, through the smoke at Brighton. Above there were a few dense clouds, edged with light, sailing across a marvellous blue, which softened towards the zenith into a paler and more pearly cobalt, with clear innocent stars here and there looking down so chaste and

pure. I heard nothing but the sea; that, however, very distinctly, chanting no "sea psalm," but falling with a most dissonant, heavy, endless clang upon the shore. It found for me the expression I could not put in words.

I went to the tomb, and stood beside it quietly for some time. I felt no bitterness—infinite pity and tenderness—that was predominant. I did not kneel to pray; I do not know why. I passed E. M——'s tomb, and paused one moment. The bridegroom lies beneath the hillock where so many fell at Chillianwallah; the bride is desolate. Two who were there are dead, both young. That marriage and that death are singularly joined in my mind, for poor E—— was planning her own wedding then, and settling that I should marry her. Young R——, too, has gone, but I do not envy any of them, except the soldier, perhaps. I wish I had been with my own gallant, wondrous regiment in that campaign.

But all beauty saddened him, made his heart ache; he says, and truly says, "No man can attain the highest excellence who 'is insensible to highest beauty.'" He moralized nature, his biographer says, not wilfully but unconsciously. Impressions of scenes were reproduced from the haunted chamber of his soul where they had continued in waiting, or were thronging, as in that magnificent passage in one of his lectures on Poetry:—

I wish I could describe one scene which is passing before my memory at this moment, when I found myself alone in a solitary valley in the Alps, without a guide, and a thunder-storm coming on: I wish I could explain how every circumstance combined to produce the same feeling, and ministered to unity of impression: the slow wild wreathing of the vapour round the peaks, concealing their summits, and imparting in semblance their own motion, till each dark mountain-form seemed to be mysterious and alive; the eagle-like plunge of the lammergeier, the bearded vulture of the Alps; the rising of the flock of choughs, which I had surprised at their feast on carrion, with their red beaks and legs, and their wild shrill cries startling the solitude and silence, till the blue lightning streamed at last, and the shattering thunders crashed as if the mountains must give way. And then came the feelings which in their fulness man can feel but once in life: mingled sensations of awe and triumph, and defiance of danger—pride, rapture, contempt of pain, humbleness, and intense repose, as if all the strife and struggle of the elements were only uttering the unrest of man's bosom: so that in all such scenes there is a feeling of relief, and he is tempted to cry out exultingly, There! there! All this was in my heart, and it was never said out until now.

It is manifest that we might go on quoting illustrations of

such walks and reflections, but we must forbear. Rich, gloomy, or beautiful natural scenery had to him the moral significance it has always to the true poet. It became an embodying and an unbosoming, like Byron on the Lake of Geneva, amidst the live thunders and the phosphorescent dances on the waves, and the uproar of cloud and mountain, when every one found a tongue. It was as if the poet had said, There, there, I have had all that within me, that is the picture of it, that is what I have felt and feel. And our readers, perhaps, will remember there is a passage in one of Robertson's sermons, in which he appropriates some such expressions as these:—"When we gaze on the perfect righteousness of Christ, and are able to say, There, that is my religion, that is what I want to be, that is what I am not, that is my offering, that is my life as I would wish to give it: My Saviour! fill up the blurred and blotted sketch which my clumsy hand has drawn of a divine life, with the fulness of Thy perfect picture,—I feel the beauty which I cannot realize; robe me in Thine unutterable purity—

‘Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!’”

Thus we have reached to the defective side of Robertson's theology. He was a poet, he was no theologian; he interpreted faith entirely by feelings; he protested against dogmatic theology. There must be a religion of feelings; of the two, better a religion of feelings than a religion of dogmas, if one have to exist alone and apart from the other. But there is not therefore the less to be found a religion of dogma. It is remarkable, upon this point, to contrast together the two men who most naturally suggest comparison and contrast, John Henry Newman and Frederick Robertson. In the earlier part of the article, we suggested some points of resemblance. We are acquainted with no other sermons which will bear comparison with Robertson's, besides those all-strengthening and light-bearing discourses which were his counsellors to his close. Yet, while Newman declares that "Dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion"—Robertson, as we have said, resisted the idea of dogmatic teaching. It must have been, and it is still, very charming to find how he opens human spirits; that was his characteristic. The proper opposite in the pulpit to the dogmatic is the suggestive; he was eminently suggestive; as a theologian, we can have no hesitation in saying, he was eminently ignorant. We are sorry to see, and we wonder to know, that the Fathers held so slight a space

in his esteem: "I know their system pretty well," he says. We have no proof that he knew Augustine at all, and we must think that his mind brought resolutely into harness by a course of Augustine, would have made another man of him. How much in Augustine would have ministered to his peculiar idiosyncrasy of character! Strange to say, of so strong a nature, he really wanted robustness; he fed upon his feelings; they were right noble and glorious feelings; but such food or drink turns out to be a real Amrheeta cup at last, and so Robertson found it. It seems remarkable that a nature constituted like Robertson's, with a spirit of instinctive and implicit homage to the principles of obedience, did not so distinctly recognise the necessity of lines and laws, settled and established at once for the measurement of truth and the furnishing a standard in the perception and reception of it. Of course, we are quite aware that he would have said, and his biographer would perhaps say on behalf of him, such laws were recognised. It is clear, however, that the very catholicity of his own nature, its intense freedom, its independence, led him to renounce all external dictation, not only arising from that, it seems to us, which tradition had established, but that which had been wrought out from the careful, and patient, and elaborate processes of thought. Hence it was that, to him, highest truth rested ultimately on the authority neither of the Bible nor of the church, but on the witness of God's Spirit in the heart of man; and this was to be realized not by the cultivation of the understanding, but by the cultivation of loving obedience. It is a dangerous standard, although substantially it is the doctrine of Fox, and of all the holiest of the Society of Friends, also of the great mystics of the Romish Church, like Henry of Suso, and St. Theresa, and St. John of the Cross. It is an utterly dangerous standard, for it must surely follow that truth is not anywhere fixed and absolute to the mind without itself; it is as if because we may be unable to deal with the great laws of weight and mensuration, they have no absolute and actual existence. But let us not be unjust to Robertson himself; he walked in the light; in well known words, in one of his sermons, he testifies as to the course to be adopted for the obtaining purest light and highest rest. It seems to us that he separated too much that favourite text of his, "If a man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God;" he greatly isolated it, but let us be just to him to remember that he acted upon it nervously, and painfully sought to *do*, and thus to *know*:—

But there are hours, and they come to us all at some period of life or

other, when the hand of Mystery seems to lie heavy on the soul—when some life-shock scatters existence, leaves it a blank and dreary waste henceforth for ever, and there appears nothing of hope in all the expanse which stretches out, except that merciful gate of death which opens at the end—hours when the sense of misplaced or ill-requited affection, the feeling of personal worthlessness, the uncertainty and meanness of all human aims, and a doubt of all human goodness, unfix the soul from all its old moorings,—and leave it drifting—drifting over the vast Infinitude, with an awful sense of solitariness. Then the man whose faith rested on outward Authority and not on inward life, will find it give way: the authority of the Priest: the authority of the Church: or merely the authority of a document proved by miracles and backed by prophecy: the soul—conscious life hereafter—God—will be an awful desolate Perhaps. *Well! in such moments you doubt all—whether Christianity be true: whether Christ was man, or God, or a beautiful fable. You ask bitterly, like Pontius Pilate, What is truth? In such an hour what remains? I reply, Obedience. Leave those thoughts for the present. Act—be merciful and gentle—honest: force yourself to abound in little services: try to do good to others: be true to the duty that you know. That must be right whatever else is uncertain. And by all the laws of the human heart, by the word of God, you shall not be left to doubt. Do that much of the will of God which is plain to you, “You shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.”*

We must continue these remarks to say, that it is at this point that the dangers of Robertson's whole system of thought and theology emerge. He unquestionably believed in the sacrifice of Christ; but it would need far greater space than we can here bestow to notice the points of his departure from the more generally received systems of theology. From the reasons we have assigned, it followed that Christ, apprehended by the human spirit, was rather Infinite Wisdom, and, if we may say so, Infinite Example, than Power. Christ, in Mr. Robertson's system, becomes an illustrious, to use the word again, infinite, revelation of the mind and Providence of God. But, with all the touching lovingness and purity of our Brighton teacher, we apprehend his message would fail to meet and convey comfort to millions of poor, weak, sinful souls in whom the seeds of grace were very small and few, and the proclivities to damnation very fierce and certain. His system seems to remove the method of salvation from the Divine strength and places it in human hands. Of course, such a man would see the necessity and strength of the great conservative elements in theology, we call Calvinism; but his appeal was to human will, and our comfort in religion, and almost our salvation, depended on the equanimity of our own affections, the enlightenment of our own perceptions. We say it with a profound sense of indebtedness to Robertson for

many gleams which, across his pages, have been like sudden sunlight across the mists of mountain lakes and vales, still, we are compelled to feel that the element wanting in his sermons is Christ, the *power* of God. But while we say this, and attribute this defection to him, we confess to infinite surprise that he has been made to suffer so severely in popular estimation. Something like the same defects would be noticed in all Arminian teaching, and to the same extent. His theology assimilated to much that is most popular in the Romish Church, which, in spite of the great Western Father, Augustine, has never been very Augustinian in its teaching; was not John Wesley charged with defect? and our readers will recollect the fatal chapter which even flawed the theological reputation of Hervey's *Theron and Aspasia*. It is the power to perceive Christ as *imputed righteousness* which is, and has been wanting; and this will always prevent Robertson's sermons from being the consolation of the larger number of sick rooms, and places where the utterly weak, crushed, helpless, but penitential are. They brace for action; their words sound through the halls of the soul like a morning trumpet to sleeping hosts; they are as grand and refreshing as winds on lonely seas, or solitary heights; but for the consumptive and the weak, they are like sea breezes, too strong for the system. Read from this point of view, perhaps it is not wonderful that Robertson's ecstasy of vision, his own purity of heart, and his perpetually brooding and profound sorrow over human lives and lots, consumed him: he took no refuge either in the heartless sentimentalism of universalism, or Heaven-made-easy-for-all-and-sundry, and eternal amnesty to, Newgate calendriers; or in the still more, to our thought, inconceivable dream of annihilation, or the infinite ash-pan for the greatest multitude. He says, and it was much for such a nature to say, when we remember the principle rather of internal light from which he would in such a case speak, "My only difficulty is, how *not* to believe in everlasting punishment." The processes by which such a mind arrived both at its convictions and truths, are most interesting; and it would be especially interesting to notice how he and Dr. Newman, starting from centres so opposite, arrive very substantially at the same result. It was a canon with him, and a well known passage in the *Apologia* declares the same sentiment, that God cannot be found by the understanding. Strange that it should seem surprising to us when the scope of Scripture seems to maintain the same impossibility. "I do not think that where such men as La Place, D'Alembert, Hume, Voltaire, have never seen any demonstration, that understanding can be the real court of appeal." And thus it follows, as he says:—

There are men always talking of rights, and never of duties; I do not expect that they should believe in God, nor could I prove God to such. But let a man once feel the law of duty in his soul—let him feel within him as with the articulate distinctness of a living Voice, the Absolute Imperative, “Thou shalt,” and “Thou shalt not,”—let him feel that the only hell is the hell of doing wrong, and if that man does not believe in a God, all history is false. Brother men, the man who tries to discover a God outside of him instead of within, is doing just like him who endeavours to find out the place of the rainbow by hunting for it. The place of the rainbow depends upon your standing point; and I say that the conviction of the being and character of a God, depends upon your moral standing point. To believe in God, is simply the most difficult thing in the world. You must be pure before you can believe in purity; generous, before you can believe in unselfishness. In all moral truth, what you are, that is the condition of your belief. Only to him in whom infinite aspirations stir, can an Infinite One be proved.

But this also would save him from the hard scepticism of the college-school, as he says again to the working men:—

There have been great mistakes made in this society, and there are many difficulties; but you will weather the difficulties yet. The mistakes will become your experience. Nay, I believe that the discipline of character which many of you will have gained by this struggle with an evil principle, and the practical insight which it has given you into the true bearing of many social questions, in which I personally know that wild and captivating theories have been modified in your minds by this recent experience, will be invaluable. If only this had been gained, I believe the institution would not have been established in vain. But if men say that all these difficulties tell against inquiry and education, I can only say that it proves we want more education. If I wanted a proof of that, I should find it in this—that the *working men of Brighton have not yet got beyond Tom Paine*.

Robertson did not find land in Rome; of Romanism he spoke as “an infinitely small and sensualistic embodiment of truths”—a living human form shrunk into a mummy, with every “feature hideously like life.” He was not indeed uncharitable to ancient Rome; purgatory, absolution, mariolatry, were, he says, to him “fossils, not lives;” but for “chantered services, and “innocent gentlemen with lilies of the valley in their dresses”—for the whole procession of Christianity done up in haberdashery—he had, if not contempt, then the fulness of a scornful pity; from all these, from the illusions of the senses, and the iron vices of the understanding, he turned to feeling; as we have seen, to obedience. Let those who quarrel with Robertson’s faith, first rival him in the heroism and beauty of his obedient life. Prayer

was his solace, and perpetual strong consolation; he recommended this to all who expected to derive light and strength from his teaching. We read of his continuing in prayer until he realized the presence of God. "The love of God," he would say, "is the end of all, and I suppose all must drop off leaf by leaf till that fruit is matured." In this spirit he prayed and commended prayer; hence came to him the light within. It would be to malign God, and the dispensation of the Spirit, to believe that he was led astray by the light in which he walked; his faculties thus became almost passive in their perceptions.

The eye, it could not choose but see,
He could not bid the ear be still.

With this also, in all his sense of misery arising from relation to the outer world, came the thought—the more than thought—the overwhelming feeling and assurance that God's idea of humanity always was what humanity is in Christ. Thus he would speak:—

Dare to be alone with God, my dear —, trust Him, and do not fear that He will leave you in darkness long, though His light may dazzle. Was not He alone in this world?—unfelt, uncomprehended, suspected, spoken against? And before Him was the cross. Before us, a little tea-table gossip, and hands uplifted in holy horror. Alas! and we call that a cross to bear. Shame! yet still I do admit, that for a loving heart to lack sympathy is worse than pain.

He maintained that God could only be seen in Christ; but certainly seen in Him.

The life of Christ and His death, after all, are the only true solution of the mystery of human life; to that, after all, all the discords of this world's wild music must be attuned at last. There is sharp pain—past pain—in that letter which you sent me, but yet how instinctively one feels at once that the tone of Christianity is wanting. I do not mean the cant expressions, but the genuine tone which numbers of real men and women have learned by heart.

It may be hereafter mellowed into this, as I hope my tone will; but neither are as yet, though I have got what your correspondent has not, the words of the Song; only I have not the music. And what are the words without? Yet it is something to feel the deep, deep conviction, which has never failed me in the darkest moods, that Christ had the key to the mysteries of Life, and that they are not insoluble; also, that the spirit of the Cross is the condition which will put any one in possession of the same key: "Take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest for your souls." It is something, much to know this, for, knowing it, I feel it to be unphilosophical and foolish to quarrel with my lot,

for my wisdom is to transmute my lot by meekness into gold. With God I cannot quarrel, for I recognise the beauty and justice of His conditions. It is a grand comfort to feel that God is right, whatever and whoever else may be wrong. I *feel* St. Paul's words, "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

The most admirable thing we notice in his life is the holy and lofty spirit in which he fronted life. We read his own character in the words he used in addressing the working men of Brighton :—

The cry of "My rights, your duties," I think we might change to something nobler. If we could learn to say, "My duties, your rights," we should come to the same thing in the end; but the spirit would be different. That not very dignified feud between Nabal and David is only a picture of that which, hidden under fine names, men are calling now patriotism, public spirit, political martyrdom, protection, free trade—miserable enough in my mind.

All we are gaining by this cry of Rights, is the life of the wild beast and of the wild man of the desert, whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. Nay, the very brutes, unless they had an instinct which respects Rights even more strongly than it claims them, could never form anything like a community. Did you never observe in a heronry or rookery, that the new-made nest is left in perfect confidence by the birds that built it? If the others had not learned to respect those private and sacred Rights, but began to assert each his right to the sticks which are woven together there, I fancy it would be some time before you could get a heronry or a rookery!

Two thousand years ago, there was One here on this earth who lived the grandest life that ever has been lived yet, a life that every thinking man, with deeper or shallower meaning, has agreed to call Divine. I read little respecting His Rights or of His claims of Rights; but I have read a great deal respecting His Duties. Every act He did He called a Duty. I read very little in that life respecting His Rights; but I hear a vast deal respecting His Wrongs—wrongs infinite—wrongs borne with a majestic, Godlike silence. His reward? His reward was the reward that God gives to all His true and noble ones—to be cast out in His day and generation, and a life-conferring death at last. Those were HIS Rights!

We have dwelt thus at length because we are really desirous that Robertson should not be misunderstood. We can have little hesitation in saying, that, as in life, so since his death, he has been wickedly treated, and his views wickedly perverted. And now we must hasten to the close. He bore his own personal cross, and wrought out his own work bravely in Brighton until August, 1853. There, some have told us, what a cheerful thing it was to see him walking even through the town; his bright face, his elastic step,

and fine yet affectionate bearing and presence, seeming to do a spectator good, while the noble, unclerical-looking clergyman was hurrying along on his way. These volumes will reveal what was going on in him and with him then. We have implied that his nature was really consumed by its own intensity and zeal; at last, the frame fell down, worn out by the extraordinary flame of soul. Those causes which more immediately brought this about we have not time to attempt to detect or put in order and place before our readers. He felt all unkindness; had he been an Independent clergyman, as in many instances with us, his pulpit would have been filled for a year or two, and he would have been sent to the continent, if possible, to recruit his exhausted nature; but he was unpopular with the high and dry church factions in the town; especially the vicar, the Rev. H. Wagner, the father of the well known Rev. Arthur Wagner, seems to have realized in his behaviour to Robertson all that we conceive of a High Church vicar. This gentleman—who has enabled his son to make Brighton a perfect vestibule to Popery, covering it with a network of nunneries and women in black, religious haberdasheries, and churches which, when the spectator enters, seem, by candles on the altars, flowers and wreaths, fald-clothes, and all the infinite raggery and rubbish of modern Tractarianism, to transfer him instantly from Anglicanism to Romanism—was not likely to sympathize with the fine appeals to man as a living conscience and consciousness, emanating from the lips of the preacher of Trinity. How can vicars, whose long course of vicarage never resulted in a single ministration to a human heart; whose history is only one record of hard, incarnate selfishness, without the single echo of one loving heart, breaking the monotonous and desert solitude of their own dreary, unmeaning, do-nothing career, either know or sympathize with such men as Robertson? Mr. Robertson appointed his curate to relieve him of his burdens while his life was wasting and his heart breaking: the vicar possessed the legal power of putting an interdict on Mr. Robertson's choice. We can understand the natural dislike a man like the vicar of Brighton would feel towards a man like the minister of Trinity; in addition to this, it seems the vicar had some personal dislike to the clergyman Mr. Robertson had appointed; the vicar, no doubt, knew his opportunity. The very presence of Robertson in the town to a man capable of the career of the vicar of Brighton, must have been as unpleasant as the voice of John the Baptist to Herod. Now was the moment; Robertson could not preach—of course he could not yield—he was compelled to relinquish Trinity. That scene, no doubt, in-wrought with a host of affec-

tionate memories, where so many of the most illustrious and gifted had hung upon his eloquent lips, of every order of rank, and of every grade of spiritual and moral excellence, had to be relinquished; the desk, hallowed by the gift and prayers of the servant girls, the classes of the young men, the members of his congregation, some of them gifted women, related to him by the great bond and tie of useful life and labour—all this had to go; in fact, Robertson was sacrificed to the much-lauded parochial system of the Church of England. It was the parochial system of the Church of England which prevented that fine life from expiring in the harness of its uses and affections. Some misconceptions seem to have spread about his death which may, perhaps, be cleared up by the closing pages of this memoir. With patience, thoughtfulness, and faith, he trod along that dark valley he had so often sought to illuminate for others. We are glad to believe that his humble trust never deserted him; God, Christ, and immortality were sustaining thoughts to him. He felt still the beauty of the outer world he had loved so much, the beauty which had made his heart ache so much. When scarcely able to move, a day or two before he died, he got up at four o'clock in the morning, and crept to the window to see, as he said, "the beautiful morning." A night or two before his death he dreamed that his two sisters, long since dead, came to crown him; "I saw them," he said earnestly. All reverent kindnesses were heaped around his dying bed; "how different," he said, "the lot of him who would fain have slaked 'his morning hunger with green figs.'" His dear and attached friend, Lady Byron, left a sick bed to see him; but was permitted only to be with him a few moments. At last came the day; it was on Sunday, the 15th of August, 1853. Shocks of intense pain, unbearable in agony, came upon him; feebly crying at intervals, "My God, my Father! my God, my Father!" he fought out the battle which, sooner or later, all have to fight. This lasted for two hours, during which period, however, he never lost his clear consciousness. We are glad to know that his mother, the "my dear little mother," the "dear little motherette" of his letters, and his wife, and one friend, with his physician, watched over him. When they sought to relieve him by changing his position, he could not endure the touch; "I cannot bear it," he said, "let me rest, I must die; let God do his work." They were his last words; immediately afterwards, a few minutes past midnight, all was over. Fatal thirty-seven! The age of Byron, the age of Burns, the age of Raphael, and of what a long procession descending into the tomb in the prime of their majesty, the fulness of their insight and vision! Some years since it

was conveyed to us that the vicar said, even in public, "The wretched man died by his own hand." Of course, supposing, which is not impossible, that he made this speech, it is easy to see that it was only an impeachment of the lamented Robertson's imprudence—it conveyed, however, a very different impression; and we are glad now to see, beneath the steady light of that midnight lamp, the quiet which sheds itself over the features of the dying saint.

Brighton knew how to appreciate its loss. It had been resolved that the funeral should be private; but it soon became manifest that this would be almost impossible. The circumstances of his death too, the harsh, legal cruelty of the vicar, roused the spirit of the town. The congregation of the departed clergyman, of course, desired to follow his remains; a number of local societies, and Jews, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Churchmen, followed to his tomb this noble gentleman, this ardent Christian minister, this saintly and gifted man. All the shops were closed in the line of the procession; the principal tradesmen assumed mourning, and all sects and classes merged their differences in a common grief around the grave so honoured—to our thought, so premature. We close here a paper which the extraordinary interest of the subject of it has carried beyond our usual limits. It is the story of one whom many call the Arnold of the pulpit, where he signalized himself as that great man did in the schoolroom. Truth, we hope real to our own convictions, presents itself in many aspects differently to those in which it was beheld by Robertson; but *the man*—his earnestness—his reality—his consecrated genius—his self-denial—his sympathy—his wonderful glances into the places from whence, before his vision, not only the obscure flies, but gives place to unexpected and reconciling light—his nobility and his tenderness—all unite together to seize on the imagination, and to quicken and impart life to all who come beneath the spell of his influence; and, to generations long beyond the present, will make not only fascinating, but helpful in some of the deepest needs and wants of the soul, the life-giving words and character of Frederick Robertson.

We cannot close this paper without expressing regret that the sermons of Robertson still continue so high in price: the price also of these volumes must limit their circulation, and compel a work many would desire to introduce into their family to continue on the shelves of the circulating library.

II.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF."*

"WE are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep," says old Sir Thomas Brown, "and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the litigation of our sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep." This is not more quaintly than truthfully expressed; but while it states what every intelligent reader must feel, it leaves the great mystery of dream-life unsolved. Mr. Seafield has composed a pair of very interesting volumes, but far enough from being, what the *Saturday Review* describes them as, "an exhaustive handbook" on the subject. Mr. Seafield's estimate of his labours is so modestly put, that he must be an ungracious critic, indeed, who could treat his labours with any measure of severity. We must say, however, that the volumes are not much more than a very judicious compilation, while yet a very considerable world of information and thought seems to be unnoticed by him; and Mr. Seafield is thus rather the gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff, than the creative generaliser of any new and resolving view of this most suggestive and all-interesting phase of the life of the mind. Shall we ever be able to answer the question, What is a dream? What is its relation to body and soul? to the seen and the unseen worlds? Or is it the soul itself? Certainly we seem to have in the dream proof most positive that *we* are not our bodies; that there is a marvellous and mysterious power of independent existence. As Mr. Seafield says, "A locomotive will travel long after its impelling power has ceased to put forth new energy; a vessel will plough its way through the waters long after the furling of the sail, or the last revolution of the paddle or the screw; the daily action and thought project themselves, or, rather, continue their activity through the dream-life just as it is said Tartini's *Sonata au Diable* is a plagiarism from a violin played by a dream

* *The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams. A Commonplace Book of Speculations Concerning the Mystery of Dreams and Visions, Records of Curious and Well Authenticated Dreams, and Notes on the Various Modes of Interpretation Adopted in Ancient and Modern Times.* By Frank Seafield, M.A. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

“devil, as Coleridge’s *Kubla Khan* was completed during a dream; Dante’s *Divina Commedia* is said to have been suggested by a dream; and Voltaire wrote a duplicate of the first canto of the *Henriade* inspired by a dream.” All these instances, and there are multitudes of such, show us that dreaming is not to be separated from the inner life; but, on the contrary, it seems to be rather a penumbra of it, and, as a writer in the *Medical Critic* for 1862 remarks, is to be regarded rather as “illustrated by those convictions of men of genius and reflection, which result from no act of the will or known law of association, but which yet are moments of brief and sudden revelation.” But when that writer goes on to say, “revelations from the depths of memory,” why should we limit the vision of the dream to this, in the ordinary sense of the word. What is memory? By what worlds is it limited? What are its hinderances? Does it not seem as if the dream introduced us into a state of recollected being? But as the world of the dream is hidden from the spirit during our waking hours by the blood energy and activities of the body, which draw down the veil and prevent the pure sight of soul; so even in sleep the bodily conditions usually prevent the purer and more distinct and radiant impressions, and hence we usually have only a crowd of incongruities—

A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.

We do not offer any words from any attempt to solve the mystery of the dream; no theory satisfies us; we are obliged to leave this mystery where we leave others which are matters of apprehension, not of comprehension. What we cannot believe, is, that the dream is only a peculiar mixture of the blood, another form of matter, a mere dancing phantasmagoria before the eyes of the mind. Phantasmagoric it is, no doubt, for the reason we have assigned above. But we must continue to think that here surely is an illustration that there is that in us whose existence does not depend on the existence of the body, although the close copartnership greatly affects its state; even as Bishop Butler says, “That the mind is not necessarily dependent upon the external senses for its activity, and that we have no reason to think our organs of sense percipients, is confirmed by instances of persons losing some of them, the living beings themselves, their former occupiers, remaining unimpaired:—”

“It is confirmed also by the experience of dreams; by which we find we are at present possessed of a latent and, what would otherwise be, an unimagined, unknown power of perceiving sensible objects in as

strong and lively a manner without our external organs of sense as with them."

Thus, also, Bishop Newton says:—

"It is very evident that the soul is, in great measure, independent of the body, even while she is within the body, since the deepest sleep that possesseth the one cannot affect the other; and while the avenues of the body are closed the soul is still indued with sense and perception, and the impressions are often stronger and the images more lively when we are asleep than when awake. They must necessarily be two distinct and different substances, whose natures and properties are so very different that while the one shall sink under the burden and fatigue of the day, the other shall be fresh and active as the flames; while the one shall be dead to the world, the other shall be ranging in thought through the universe. Why then should the death of the one be any more the death of the other than the sleep of the one is the sleep of the other? Since the soul can think and act in this manner without the body, even while united to it, why should she not be able to think and act in a more enlarged and more exalted manner, when separated from the body, or united to a spiritual body that shall no longer hinder her operations? Since the soul hath her distinct joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, while the body is senseless and asleep, why should she not be capable of the same when the body shall be no more?"

"We must, therefore, say," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpses, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them," even as a lodger in a moody, haunted, and cypress-shadowed house, surrounded by its dreary grange or mere, partakes himself of the character of his habitation. At night the lodger escapes, rushes across the moonlit, spectral-tinted waste: the shadows of the old house follow the flying traveller, and weird trees, and the yellow fingers of moonbeams point to, and terrify him; winds shout round him on his way; and at last he is compelled to return to his old lodging; but nothing can persuade him in the day-time that he has not been abroad, and seen sights, and heard sounds, perhaps not the most cheerful, but clearly enough informing him of a world beyond the old haunted galleries and chambers of his dwelling of the grange and the mere:—

Example 72. "In the year 1610," says Van Helmont, "after long meditation, by which I was greatly exhausted, and during which I had endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the nature of my soul, I fell

asleep. Soon after I was carried beyond the realms of mere human reason, and I found myself in a large and obscurely-lighted chamber; on my right hand I saw a table with a bottle upon it, containing a liquor, which spoke to me as follows: 'Do you desire honour and riches?' I was astounded at hearing these words. I paced about, questioning myself what this could mean. On my right hand I perceived a window in the wall, through which there came a light, whose brilliancy made me forget the words of the liquid, and changed the current of my thoughts; for I was contemplating things which surpassed all description. The light lasted but an instant, and with a feeling of desolation I returned to my bottle, and carried it away with me. I felt desirous of tasting the contents, and, with considerable difficulty, I succeeded in opening it, when, with a feeling of horror, I awoke. This occurrence left me with a strong desire to know my soul, a wish which lasted for three-and-twenty years, that is to say, until 1633, when I had a vision, during which my very soul manifested itself to my astonished sight. It consisted of a perfectly homogeneous light, composed of a crystalline and brilliant spiritual essence. It was contained in an envelope like a pea in its husk, and I heard a voice which said to me, '*Behold what you saw through the opening in the wall.*' This vision operated on the intellectual part of my nature; for whoever should behold his soul with the eyes of his body would be blinded."

One of the curious circumstances connected with dream-life is the independence of time. There are states in our daily life when thought seems to be quite independent of time. A writer to whom we have already referred, speaks of a dream described by a physician, in which he conceived himself transformed into a monolith in the deserts of the Sahara, which had stood, stately and solitary, for ages and generations; it, or he—for he was conscious that he was it—standing, or abiding while all the ages and generations were wasting around him. This is a sublimely inconceivable state. The dream, however, probably did not take long, in our reckoning of time; but the dreamer—that is, the mass of granite—while unconscious of possessing organs of sense, saw the mountains growing bald with age, the forest drooping in decay, and moss and ivy creeping round about it. We presume our readers to be well acquainted with the remarkable dream of Lavalette; it only puts in a very strong light a circumstance of which every dreamer has, at one time or other of his life, been conscious, namely, the crowding of infinite particulars, and perhaps emotions, into a brief moment or two of time. Lavalette was in prison. He says:—

"One night while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the

sentry, but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep I dreamt I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still: nevertheless, a slow and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the red flames of which illuminated faces without skin and bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their sockets, their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on all sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared at the windows in dismal silence; low inarticulate groans filled the air, and I remained in the street alone petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety in flight. This horrible troop continued passing along rapidly in a gallop and casting frightful looks upon me. Their march continued, I thought, for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery waggons full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered; a disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length the iron gates of the prison shut in with great force awoke me again. I made my repeater strike: it was no more than midnight; so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than two or three minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe and the watchword short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate, of which the details are deeper engraven on my memory, and of which I preserve a more perfect consciousness."

It has been well remarked that instances like these do not illustrate the velocity or swiftness of thought; thought can have no rapidity, as we understand that term, for it is pure. Such instances only show how independent the mind is of the conditions of time; and this is the most interesting point of dream-life. The return to sense shows, or has very frequently shown, the independence of sense. At the same time, as we have already said, the house still controls or affects the inhabitant. Mr. Seafield says:—

Dreaming would seem to be an abnormal operation of the mind; the result of a want of thoroughness—of that absolute unconsciousness which is the characteristic of ideal repose; of a certain preponderance of particular faculties, a certain default of symmetry in antecedent mental activity; or, again, of physiological functions of the bodily organisms, hindered, disturbed, or overdone. The *causes* of dreaming are thus shown to be as numerous as the several faculties of the mind,

the feelings of the soul, the functions of the body, and the several accidents to which any of these are liable; nay, infinitely more numerous, being as multitudinous as the combinations of which these are capable.

Dreams are accustomed to take shape and character, we have said, from a limitless variety of circumstances; yet, freakish as they appear, they are not altogether the children of accident and inconsequence. Even when the connection cannot readily be traced, or cannot be traced at all, there is reason to infer from our experience of other members of their family, that a connection *does* exist between the dream and the then or former state of the body, or condition of the mind, or both, such as, if it were ascertained, would give intelligibility to the form and complexion of the dream. In short, the two principal sources, or,—seeing that final causes have an ugly habit of hiding themselves away out of sight,—as we should rather say, the influences that modify our dreams are (1) our present bodily sensations, and especially the internal state of the physical system; and (2) our previous waking thoughts, dispositions, and prevalent states of mind.

Under the influence of the first, a hard bed or an uncomfortable position will cause a dream of fractured bones, or become suggestive of the rack or the wheel. The throat, say, is tightly compressed by a too affectionate button, and the dream is of Calcraft and public perpendicular suffocation. A hearty supper lies heavy on the conscience and the digestion, and the dream assumes the shape of nightmare; fiends and furies squat cross-legged upon you, just below the diaphragm, like tailors in one of Alton Locke's sweating shops; or the Monument of Fish Street Hill, "like a tall bully lifts its head and lies" upon your much-enduring stomach. A mustard plaster suggests the idea of being flayed alive; a slight scalp-wound and a bandaged head call up the touching associations of the tomahawk; a bottle of hot water at the feet will make the dreamer believe that he is walking arm in arm with Satan, who uses him conjointly with his spear—

"To support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl,"

which Milton assigns him for a promenade.

But it is also true that the soul seems sometimes to escape into a region of clear vision, sometimes of pre-vision. Unsuspected diseases have given their earliest symptoms by the kindly hints of dreams; and, although we fear we shall expose ourselves to the ridicule of some of our readers, we really know not how to set aside the evidences which seem to assure us of the frequent forecasting of the soul by dreams. We dare to think that it is only a sceptical philosophy, and a very undivine theology, which can desire to set aside a world of testimony. We should have, upon the same principle, to exclude from our

belief many an ocean island, marked on the map, and many a kingdom of unexplored wonders; and the fact of wonderful coincidences in dreams is, we dare to think, not to be so coarsely and contemptuously dealt with as has been, usually, the case. On the most sceptical principles, dreams are inexplicable; on those principles which believe the soul to be an essential substance, not so much a creature of sensations as one pure faculty, all vision and all sense; it ought not to be at all difficult at once to apprehend the mystery; and, upon the same principles, should prevent the subject of the dream from being either startled at the incongruity, or distressed even by the terror it may appear to unveil. Of all dreamers, illustrating most the amazing unconditioned mystery, Swedenborg seems, perhaps, the most surprising. We wonder that, for purely scientific purposes, Mr. Seafeld has not, at any length, referred to him. His great dream-book has been given, perhaps not very judiciously, by some of his admirers, to the world. He kept a night-book or journal of his dreams, recording his inward conflicts even in those visions—the inward temptations and fermentations of purification. It was his belief that God greatly prepared him for the work given him to do, in the transition period of his life, at about the age of fifty, when he passed from the state of the mere philosopher to that of the theologian, by dreams. His life was a wonderful one, and in the history of it, it becomes especially interesting to the medico-psychologist, because it is so difficult to tell where the dream ends and the daily life begins; he seemed to walk in perpetual trance. From the age of fifty his day-life and night-life were one state of clairvoyance: all his works after this period are dream-books; and he seemed to move everywhere: a bodily being, but a great religious sleep-walker, to whose strange vision all life seemed thronging—with the shapes sometimes not unbeautiful, sometimes frightfully terrible—the wonderful populations of dream-land. But perhaps Swedenborg may be regarded as a very good illustration of "the stuff that dreams are made of," the unity of the dream-thought and the dream-life, as the writer in the *Medical Critic* describes it; for the whole range of words lying round this matter suggests topics of mystery. What is sleep? The philosophy of sleep is full of the same mysterious suggestion. What are its psychical aspects? The more we look at this, the more mysterious becomes the impression. Crime, for instance, committed in our waking hours, is punished; but what stories we have, on medical testimony, of crime committed in dreams? for, says the old Norwich physi-

cian, "Death alone, not sleep, is able to put an end unto sin; "and there may be a night-book of our iniquities; for, besides "the transgressions of the day, casuists tell us of mortal sins in "dreams, arising from evil precogitations." What constitutes the crime, then? It seems that it enters into the substance of the soul; yet that the soul is somehow borne along beyond the bar and bound of its own will. A woman, three consecutive nights, hears a voice, "Kill thy daughter! kill thy daughter!" and she killed her child. Holy men, in their waking hours, have bitterly sorrowed over the phantoms and forms which have flocked round them in their sleep. They have made it a matter of earnest prayer that not only the waking hours, but the dreaming night may be guarded by the Divine protection and presence. No doubt here, as in instances to which we have referred already, the "stuff" of the dream is created from the law of habit in the mind; the particular shape the dream may assume would perhaps be horrible to the dreamer in his waking hours; but the law of the soul, which has governed the actions of the life in the more unbiassed and simple state of the spirit in its time of dreaming, gave a more distinct and sharp outline to the fancy; good men have thought, therefore, that Scripture claims the dream, as it does every other action of the human mind, as a medium through which God may speak to man either directly, that is providentially, or, indirectly, by a general influence of his thoughts. Dr. Johnson's prayer has received many a scornful laugh; we do not know what followed from it, whether he was ever conscious of a reply to it; but its affecting burden of petition is in harmony with those views we have just expressed—the power of prayer, and of the active will, over the kingdom of sleep and the world of dreams.

"April 26, 1752, being after twelve at night of the 25th.

"O Lord! Governor of Heaven and Earth, in whose hands are embodied and departed spirits, if Thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attention and ministration, whether exercised by appearance, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to Thy Government. Forgive my presumption, enlighten my ignorance, and however meaner agents are employed, grant me the blessed influences of Thy Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

And here, again, some have thought that the future may be supernaturally communicated in dreams. It would never do

for us to think of presenting our readers with illustrations of this; we suppose they are accessible to the hand of every reader. It seems doubtful, to say the least, whether the text "Your sons shall dream dreams," is no longer of any point, meaning, or application. The excellent and admirable Bishop Cowper did not think so; who, in the folio edition of his works, and the recitation of passages of his life, reports a dream he had from God, guiding him to the place of his after-life ministry, and he very sweetly says, "We think that the ever-loving Lord, who sleepeth not, may thus in later times warn the souls of his servants when their bodies be asleep. I trust that none will deny the same." But we return to our impression just conveyed. The habit of the mind governs the life of dreams, and if we have clearly conveyed ourselves in these few impressions, our readers will gather from us our desire to show that we are what we dream. This thought, partially looked at, may, on one side, seem merely ludicrous; on the other, fearful and terrible. Sir Walter Scott expressed very much the same thing when he pointed to the analogy between dreaming and insanity, saying, that, "in both instances, the horse had run away with the carriage; but with this difference—in insanity, the driver is drunk, while in dreams, he is asleep." What dreams do teach us is, that man himself, with certain limitations, may be spoken of as unconditioned. In dreams, we have seen, time is as nothing, space is as nothing. It must not be objected that this is mere mysticism; sleep and dreams are of the very nature of mysticism, and uninterpretable as the whole phenomena may be, the interpretation lies certainly rather on the side of mysticism than rationalism. At the same time, the sunlit world seems to be the region of reason. Man is evidently placed here to collect and concentrate his will; and fearful limits are given to us in the law of habit, as it influences and governs the dream of what will be the result to the unconditioned nature of man when he shall enter his final waking, or future dreaming; and go forth—not embarrassed, as now, by the lingering fetters upon the limb, or the fog of sense even upon the dreaming vision—to be for ever what habit has made him. In this sense, "the stuff that dreams are made of" is tremendously suggestive.

Dreams present an incessant source of interest to almost every order of mind, and in the work of Mr. Seafeld may be found illustrations for almost every kind of theory of every kind of dream-life. Dreams remind us of the saying of Talleyrand, "I remember,

“ upon one occasion, having been gifted, for one single moment, with an unknown and nameless power. I know not to this moment whence it came, it has never once returned, and yet upon that one occasion it saved my life.” We are not about to recite the instance; perhaps it is known to our readers. Talleyrand says, “My fate was at work,” and he believed that he was, for an instant, gifted with an extraordinary light, and during a quick and vivid flash the possible and the true were revealed to his strong and powerful mind; and upon this momentary exaltation the whole of his destiny hinged. Such is, perhaps, the power of the dream; it is beyond the possibility of any scientific precision of statement; only the ignorant, the sceptical, the narrow-minded, and dogmatic can suppose that they have sounded, circumscribed, and defined the law of dreams. No doubt there are many instances which show the apparent dependence of the mind on the body; and the dictionary of interpretations, and the science of oneiro-criticism seem absurd enough; a hard bed, an uneasy posture, an ill-digested supper, a sudden discordant noise are, no doubt, as Mr. Seafield shows, frequently responsible for the presentation of imaginary scenes in which the sleeper is taking part. Mr. Seafield defines the influences which modify the course of dreams; “firstly, the present bodily sensation, and especially the internal state of the physical system and, secondly, previous waking thoughts, dispositions, and prevalent state of the mind.” But, indeed, dreams, if not of a supernatural origin, completely confuse and perplex all ideas which found them upon mere naturalism. It is in the kingdom of dreams that the two worlds of the natural and the supernatural seem to be so united that it is impossible, with any degree of accuracy, to define in what part of the mysterious and spectral isthmus the domain of the natural terminates, and the region of the supernatural begins. The sceptic may sneeringly taunt us by saying, as we advance into the more remote and ghostly province, Why, that is the natural, after all, and to this we can have no objection; only affirming it is a region with laws of its own, beyond the code of our navigation, the limitations of our quadrant, and the application of our signals: and good old Isaac Walton did not fathom and explore their profound depths when he said, that “common dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-engaged affections, when we betake ourselves to rest.” From the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, Mr. Seafield quotes:—

"We are also tempted to give a case of muscular lassitude, induced during sleep, by showing that long-sustained muscular exercise, even in a dream, may bring a similar amount of fatigue as when actively performing an equal amount of labour in the waking state. This, we apprehend, results from the fact that the muscular force put into requisition requires a similar amount of nervous power as if actively exercised, and that there is a corresponding demand made on the brain and spinal nerves for this purpose.

"Mr. S., a very superior musical artist, who was an organist of some celebrity at —, told us an interesting dream which had occurred to him, and of which, from its effects being so marvellous, he asked us to explain the phenomena. He said that he had been practising, with great zeal and labour, some of Sebastian Bach's most elaborate fugues, until he had acquired the most facile execution even with the most elaborate; and that he continued these exercises from finding the highest emotional gratification from them. One night, after his usual daily occupation of teaching music, he went to bed, but did not recollect whether he felt more than ordinarily fatigued. He dreamt that he had to play these fugues to a large congregation, but he found to his horror that the pedals would not move, and that it was utterly impossible to give any proper effect to these sublime compositions. That he tried to do so with great and intense anxiety, and with the most indomitable perseverance; but the difficulties increased, and his chagrin and disappointment were great, as he had never anticipated the possibility of such a complete failure. Hence, he added, that he made still greater efforts, trying, with all his energy and might, to make the pedals act. But, with all his additional labour, he could not succeed; and, under a sensation of despair, he awoke. He said that he was quite jaded and physically prostrated, particularly his legs and arms, which were not only tired but actually pained him, just in the same degree as if his dreamy adventure had been an actual reality.

"There is not a doubt that if he had not actually used the muscles of his arms and feet, that he had expended a similar amount of nervous power as if the muscles of both legs and arms had been exercised under similar circumstances whilst under the perfect volition of consciousness."

If we could but with any degree of distinctness find out what ideas are, we suppose the whole mystery would be solved at once; for dreams and ideas are of the same stuff, and, as we have hinted, are not so much pictures of the mind, and forms of mental action, as mind itself. They—ideas—have been called the food of the understanding. We know how they bear us hither and thither, even in our waking moments; and is it not true that in certain bodily conditions, even when awake, when undisturbed by vice, by agitating passions, by the influence of exciting food, and the frenzy of stimulating liquors, a silent inspiration and ecstacy take possession of the

mind? Space dilates; solitude becomes peopled, and resplendent scenes surround the soul; in a word, the mind becomes free. In a state of disease, this becomes hallucination; in the state of sleep, something like this seems to be the condition of dreams. Still, as we have said, to give a law to the phenomena is impossible; the veriest nonsense sometimes seems to beset all the faculties, even in well-authenticated dreams, like that of the young lady, who dreamed that she was surrounded by—was it *nine* finches? we believe so; and who subsequently married my Lord Finch, and had nine little Finches for her cage. Sometimes dreams partake of a queer, and apparently altogether capricious allegorical character. There are many instances given by Mr. Seafield. That of the “Island of the Blessed,” from Madame Guyon, does not seem to us singular; it is merely the perpetuation, through the night, of that state of quietism in which she was constantly immersed—as in a strange, fantastic, but elevated light of Scripture, prophecy, poetry, and picture—during the whole day. Here, however, is a dream of another kind:—

“The Rev. P—r—g, vicar of a parish which is now a component part of London, though about six-and thirty years since it had the appearance of a village at the outskirts, had to encounter the sad affliction of losing his elder son at an age when parents are encouraged to believe their children are to become their survivors, the poor youth dying in his seventeenth year. He was sepultured in the vaults of the church. Two nights subsequently to that interment, the father dreamed that he saw his son habited in a shroud spotted with blood, the expression of his countenance being that of a person enduring some paroxysm of acute pain: ‘Father, father! come and defend me!’ were the words he distinctly heard as he gazed on this awe-inspiring apparition: ‘They will not let me rest quiet in my coffin.’ The venerable man awoke with terror and trembling; but after a brief interval of painful reflection, concluding himself to be labouring under the influence of his sad day-thoughts, and the depression of past sufferings; and with these rational assurances commended himself to the All Merciful, and slumbered again, and slept. He saw his son again, beseeching him to protect his remains from outrage; ‘For,’ said the apparently surviving dead one, ‘they are mangling my body at this moment.’ The unhappy father rose at once, being now unable to banish the fearful image from his mind, and determining, when day should dawn, to satisfy himself of the delusiveness or verity of the revelation conveyed through this seeming voice from the grave. At an early hour, accordingly, he repaired to the clerk’s house, where the keys of the church, and of the vaults, were kept. The clerk, after considerable delay, came down stairs, saying it was very unfortunate he should want them just on that very day, as his son, over the way, had taken them to the smith’s for repair, one of the

largest of the bunch of keys having been broken off short in the main door of the vault, so as to render it impracticable for anybody to enter till the lock had been picked and taken off. Impelled by the worst misgivings, the vicar loudly insisted on the clerk's accompanying him to the blacksmith's—not for a key, but for a crowbar—it being his resolute determination to enter the vault and see his son's coffin without a moment's delay. The recollections of the dream were now becoming more and more vivid, and the scrutiny about to be made assumed a solemnity mingled with awe, which the agitation of the father rendered terrible to the agents in this forcible irruption into the resting-place of the dead. But the hinges were speedily wrenched asunder—the bar, the bolts were beaten in and bent beneath the heavy hammer of the smith—and, at length, with tottering step and outstretched hands, the maddened parent stumbled and fell :—his son's coffin had been lifted from the recess at the vault-side, and deposited on the brick floor; the lid, released from every screw, lay loose at top, and the body, enveloped in its shroud, on which were several dark spots below the chin, lay exposed to view; the head had been raised; the broad riband had been removed from under the jaw, which now hung down with the most ghastly horror of expression, as if to tell with more terrific certainty the truth of the preceding night's vision. *Every tooth in the head had been drawn.*

"The young man had, when living, a beautiful set of sound teeth. The clerk's son, who was a barber, cupper, and dentist, had possessed himself of the keys, and eventually of the teeth, for the purpose of profitable employment of so excellent a set in his line of business. The feeling of the Rev. Mr. P—— may be more easily conceived than described. The event affected his mind through the remaining term of his existence; but what became of the delinquent, whose sacrilegious hand had thus rifled the tomb, was never afterwards correctly ascertained. He decamped the same day, and was supposed to have enlisted as a soldier. The clerk was ignominiously displaced, and did not long survive the transaction. His house was pulled down about thirteen years since to afford room for extensive improvements and new buildings."

If anything could move us to laughter in the matter of dreams, one thinks it would be such as this; what can we suppose those we call the dead to care about their buried teeth? The only solution in the matter seems to be in that which is a key-thought in dream interpretation, the strange mixture which ideas suffer when they meet in that border land of which we have before spoken. But dreams have been, it seems beyond all doubt, prophecies from the time of Augustine downwards. Our readers will remember how Monica was consoled by a dream which, years after, was realized. In later days, even within our own recollection, murders have been discovered by

dreams; murderers have been convicted on evidence growing out of dreams; stories of premonitions—some, no doubt, apparently very contemptible, and some not less pathetic than interesting—have been given in dreams. Some of Mr. Seafield's instances are not of the best order; prosaic as the book is, they partake too much of the character of mere romance; they need sifting; stories, some of which we read in old collections of anecdotes when we were boys, and which need to be thoroughly tested in order that they may be used for any elucidatory purpose: he has used old Beaumont's work; but we should have expected some little rigidity of examination in admitting these witnesses, Moreton (Defoe), Beaumont, Glanville, Spencer, into the witness-box. Mr. Seafield has, however, compiled an interesting book; he has not made it so curious as it might have been, had he possessed a larger acquaintance with the interminable stores of material for such a work; while we must think that, to handle such material successfully, more of that which constitutes "the stuff of dreams"—imagination, poetry, mental excursiveness—than Mr. Seafield seems to possess, is necessary. Into that department of his book which deals with the empty vanity of oneiro-criticism we have not at all entered; that is a science with neither a head nor a tail, and the body, eel-like, slips through the fingers of any person attempting to hold it. A critic, in noticing Mr. Seafield's book, says:—

According to the science of dreams, it is possible to draw instruction and amusement even out of a visionary set of teeth, which the Mahometan oneiro-critic identifies with the family of the dreamer. The Khalif Almansor dreamed that his complete set fell out from his jaws. The first interpreter whom he consulted informed him that all his relations would die. The Commander of the Faithful was angry, and dismissed the melancholy seer with abundance of hard words. "God has given you an evil mouth, and put into it evil words. Quit my presence, and take the curse of God for your company." A second oneiro-critic modified the unpleasant answer so as to assure the Khalif that he should outlive all his connections. Almansor smiled graciously at the announcement, and ordered the agreeable prophet 10,000 drachms of gold. So much is there in the right and wrong way of putting things.

However it came to pass that such a dictionary as that which Mr. Seafield has appended to his work of dream signification came to be compiled, passes all power of computation. "To dream that you are courted by an old woman, and marry her, shows that you shall have good luck." "To dream of frogs is good for them that live upon commons." "To dream of funerals is a sign of good fortune." "To dream of dead

"folks is good and auspicious, and signifies courage and a clear conscience." "To dream of being in coal-pits, signifies matching with a widow;" and "of a hen and chickens, loss and damage." But we need not keep our readers with this rubbish, nor does it seem to us to add to the value of Mr. Seafeld's book.

Bishop Hall says of the Christian, "His very dreams, however vain or troublesome, are not to him altogether unprofitable, for they serve to bewray not only his bodily temper, but his spiritual weaknesses, which his waking resolutions shall endeavour to correct:" and Dr. Watts thought "that our unrecollected and useless dreams may possibly be ascribed to our fallen state, and that man in a state of innocence might manage his sleeping ideas better by reason, and make them some way serviceable to his wakeful actions."

III.

A STORY OF LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS.*

FOUR years since we expressed, at some length, our sense of the pleasant interest of the first two volumes of Dr. Stevens's *History of Methodism*. We are not aware that in this country the third volume has been published uniform with those which then passed under our review. We are truly amazed at the little notice the work has received on this side the Atlantic, and especially among our Methodist friends. It is a work of most fascinating interest; the most compendious and charmingly vivacious repertory of anecdote and *ana* about preachers, with which we are acquainted. Certainly it is well that Mr. Watson should have ventured to publish a complete edition of this desirable and delightful book. It is a vast and

* *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism; considered in its different Denominational Forms, and in its general relation to Protestantism.* By Abel Stevens, LL.D. Carefully revised. 3 vols. in one. George Watson.

bulky, but singularly cheap volume; and we can not only speak of the work itself as most entertaining, but in this form it looks like a piece of furniture for the sideboard of a Methodist family—a household in which books may be few, and must appertain to “our own people”—remarkably cheap also for the book-case of the young student, or the minister who has but little money to spare, and must expend that on what will be inspiration and help to him in his work. If we may express ourselves so, this work of Dr. Stevens is a chapter in the romance of the pulpit. Here is a succession of tales of extraordinary power and wonder; here are the stories of heroes, stories of marvellous adventure, and triumph, and spiritual conquest. It is a pleasant conviction with us that no human chapter is more full of wonder and delight than the history of the pulpit in all ages. It has always been wonderful where it has been real, from that day when Peter’s sermons pierced the hearts of his hearers, down through the times of the dark and the middle ages, in every country, where it has tried and tested its power—in France, in Geneva, in Scotland, England, and America. Dr. Stevens, as we have implied, tells one part of the story, and tells it well—recites the rise and progress of Methodism with its mighty array of marvellous men. Heroism and adventure meet us everywhere, as in those days when stalwart old woodland shepherds carried the first preachers on their back through the snowdrifts, which choked the old English roads in the winter; or the days when a preacher was seen with a spade strapped on his saddle behind, taking his departure from Macclesfield for the bleak portion of his circuit—the spade being deemed needful to cut a way through the snow. “I am but a brown bread preacher,” said one of them, “I have nothing of politeness in my language or address; but I seek to help all I can to heaven in the best way I can. I have been in dangers by snowdrifts and land floods, by falls from my horse, by persecution, sickness, cold, pain, weakness, and weariness; trials of heart, and understanding, and judgment, and various reasonings with friend and foes, men and devils, and most with myself.” He goes on to say how “through all he has been kept,” and moderately ventures to believe he has not been useless, while assuredly he has been happy. Such were the men whose story the goodly volumes of Dr. Stevens tell. It reminds us of Gideon dividing his three hundred men into three companies, putting a trumpet into every man’s hand, a pitcher into the other hand, and a lamp in the pitcher. “And he said unto them, look on me, and do likewise. When I blow with a trumpet, blow ye with your trumpets, and ex-

“claim, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon. So Gideon and
“the three hundred men that were with him came up about the
“beginning of the second watch, and they blew the trumpets,
“and brake the pitchers that were in their hands, and they held
“the trumpets in their right hands, and the lamps in their left;
“and they cried, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon; and all
“the host ran, and cried, and fled; and the three hundred blew
“the trumpets, and every man’s sword was against his fellow
“throughout the host.” Therefore, said the apostle, “we have
“this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the
“power may be of God, and not of us.” Truly a strange and
wonderful sight to see an army of thousands flying, cutting each
other in pieces, while the Israelites only stood by with the
sounding trumpet and the gleaming lamp! The story of the
great Methodist movement is very much like this wonderful,
historic, and dramatic scene; but on all hands we hear that the
pulpit is worthless now; there are not wanting proposals to
abolish it. “Why,” says one in a letter, we believe, to the
Times, or to one of the High Church organs, “Why this preach-
“ing? why does this man talk to us? who is he, that he should
“talk? why not be content to worship only when we go to
“church? Besides ministers are simply nuisances;” and it must
be said, so far, in apology for this, that if the pulpit cannot prove
itself, it had better go down. Most of the sharp, shrill,
querulousnesses against the pulpit have come from church
organs. Certainly, of nearly the twenty thousand clergymen
in the English Church few enough give full proof of their
ministry, and we suppose that in no department at all has the
Church of England through all its history, from its settlement
by Queen Elizabeth, produced one thoroughly great pulpit
orator. She has produced men we should prize more highly in
the Berridges, Grimshaws, Romaines, Topladys, Cecils, and
Newtons, &c., &c., but such men would have a poor chance
with pulpit critics. Do not most of these fastidious critics de-
mand as the great essentials for pulpit eminence, that the ear
should be tickled, and the soul put to sleep? How truly amus-
ing to think of such unconverted pagans and Philistines as
Saturday Reviewers and *Daily Telegraphs* jeremiadizing over the
decay of power in pulpit. We have sometimes thought of pro-
posing the other thing—instead of, or as well as, putting down
the pulpit, why not put an end to sculpture or to painting?
cutting out bits of things in marble, smearing colours over
canvas! Why not put down all poetry? are not poets pro-
verbially nuisances with their skreeds of bathos? Let us put
down all art; why not? for, compared with the pulpit, what pic-

tures or sculpture excite so much, what music or poetry awakens more emotion? To return to Dr. Stevens's volumes: we have been surprised that, in the last, he has devoted so little, amounting to scarcely any, attention to the Methodist pulpit of his own country, the United States; it is not one whit less interesting, rather more so, we think, than in our own. Had not Dr. Sprague brought together such an interesting variety of biography and anecdote in his *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit*, we should have hoped that the subject would have brought from Dr. Stevens a fourth volume; and still there is room; and from his pen it could only be most pleasant reading, for very wonderful is the story of the lamp and pitcher in many of the dark places of that great continent—the varied region of the United States:—the lives of bishops, not addressed as “My Lord,” wearing no episcopal title or dignity, having no splendid palace, no magnificent cathedral, no snug diocese, no princely income; scholars, men of genius, like Asbury, separating themselves from all the comforts and conveniences of life; plunging into the wilderness to seek for lost sheep, preaching in barns, on stumps of trees, in log huts, in illimitable woods, in the houseless forest, by blazed trees in deep prairies; floundering through swamps, swimming vast rivers, drenched by pitiless rains, scorched by suns, bitten by frosts and driving snows,—for sixty dollars a year; a travelling equipage, not of a chariot and four, but of saddle-bags and one.* From some of these places they wrote for a preacher: “Be sure and send us a good swimmer.” There was considerable wonder as to what this could mean, till it turned out that the district was full of bridgeless streams, and the last minister had been drowned because he could not swim. Sometimes the travelling preacher or bishop found himself among hostile Indians, in the solitude of the forest; he knew their track and trail; at night he heard their yell, and unexpectedly found himself in the neighbourhood of their camp-fire, and the crack of the Indian rifle. Sometimes, in the depth of the prairie, he came upon a band of white heathen. Thus Richard Nolley, one of these great and famous men, discovered the track of an emigrant family, and followed it. “What,” said the man who was leading it into the wilderness, “a Methodist preacher! I quit Virginia to be out of the way of them, but “in my settlement in Georgia I thought I should be beyond “their reach. There they were, and they got my wife and

* See an interesting article, “Methodist Clerical Biography,” *North American Review*, No. 194, 1862.

"daughter into their church. Then I come here to Chocktaw corner, find a good piece of land, feel sure that I shall have some peace from the preachers, and here is one before I've unloaded my waggon!" "My friend," said Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. I'd advise you to come to terms with God, and then you'll be at peace with us." Sometimes they died in the wilderness, and "no man knew the place of their sepulchre." Months and sometimes years elapsed before it was known they had gone to their reward. These men have been called the graduates of Brush College, fellows of Swamp University. "How is it you have no Doctors of Divinity?" said one to fine old Jacob Kruber, a preacher of this order. "Our divinity is not sick, and does not need doctoring," said the old man. A witty, satirical old dog this Kruber; able, learned, sarcastic, and eloquent. He lived during the days of the Revolution in America, and being called on to pray on some great public occasion, he delivered himself of the following petition: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on the sovereigns of Europe; convert their souls; give them short lives and happy deaths; take them to heaven, and let us have no more of them." Sometimes the biter got bitten. When he lived at Lewiston he came frequently into contact with a Catholic priest, not much behind him in the use of edged tools. He met the priest one day, not as usual, on horseback, but trudging on foot: said Kruber, "Where's your horse? why don't you ride?" "Oh," said the other, rather testily, "the beast's dead!" "Dead! well, I suppose he is in purgatory." "Nay, the wretched creature turned Methodist just before he died, and went straight to hell." "How do you make your preachers?" was once said to one of these fine old preachers of the woods. "Why, we old ones tell the young ones all we know, and they try to tell the people all they can, and they keep on trying till they can—that's our college." One was asked, "Do you belong to the standing order?" "No," he said, "I belong to the kneeling order." They were sharp men. There was Billy Hibbard, shrewd, powerful in his dealings with the souls of men, but a mighty Arminian. "Brother Hibbard," said a Calvinistic minister to him, one day, "you hurt my feelings in preaching yesterday." "Why, brother, how did I do that?" He referred him to some doctrinal remark in his discourse. "Oh!" said Hibbard, "I'm sorry you took that, I meant that for the devil, and you stepped in and took it yourself; don't get between me and the devil, brother, and you won't get your feelings hurt." Like our own famous Dawson, he would scarcely be

known by the more elegant and euphonious name of William ; when Bishop Asbury was presiding at the roll-call of the Conference, he objected answering to that name, insisting that his name was *Billy*. "Why, Brother Hibbard," said Asbury, "Billy is a little boy's name?" "Yes, bishop," he said, "and I was a little boy when my father gave it me." These men had few books—the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a few such, in their saddle-bags, formed their whole library ; yet some became great scholars, and masterly divines. But the open pages of the book of nature were before them, and in keen encounters with men they learned a thousand things hidden from ordinary eyes ; and there was trained a healthful body, a well-developed muscular system, large strong lungs, the vigorous constitution ; a workshop and dwelling-place for a wise and vigorous mind. How a man could become a strong preacher and thinker while ranging those mighty solitudes, sleeping in small apartments, containing all the family and such domestic animals as shared a backwoodsman's fireside, seems wonderful. They had not much to say of moral beauty, necessary relations, *a priori* and *a posteriori*, volitions, and intellectual processes and active powers ; but it is said, and we believe it, they talked of sin so as to make the flesh creep and the hair stand on end ; and they talked of the love of the Saviour and the freedom of his grace, so as to make the heart rejoice, and tears come to the eyes. Certainly, they would not have deserved the censure pronounced upon a florid metaphysical preacher—of whom his people, during the week, saw nothing—that "on six days of the week he was invisible, and on the seventh he was incomprehensible." They might have reversed the remark of the bishop to the young man who applied to him for ordination : "I do not forbid you to preach, but Nature does." Thus, without dwelling at greater length on this subject—which we have only touched for the purpose of introducing Dr. Stevens's completed work to our readers, while expressing our regret that he has not availed himself of the wealth of anecdotal material for the continuation of the story to the pulpit of his own land,—we only again renew our expressions of the interest of the work itself. Bramwell and Bradshaw, Story and Saville, Coke, Mather, Newton and Bunting, Hanby, and the glorious hymnologist, the Welsh cobbler, Olivers ; such, with a multitude of other names, are those which pass before us in the third volume. We must not close without also expressing our knowledge, that to many, perhaps to some among our readers, our remarks of admiration upon this soul-searching preaching will seem simply contemptible. In none of the men to whom we have referred was the pitcher

of much importance compared with the lamp. With us, almost all our attention goes to the pitcher; there is great attention to the shape of it; it must be a vase—Etruscan—with a copious amplitude of decoration. But let us change our figure. If a man want water, if he be perishing for water, do we say, “Ah! we must wait until we can fetch our gold cup, “our richly chased, antique Benvenuto Cellini cup”? “Never mind that,” says the man, “water—good measure “of water—in the common earthenware pitcher, will do. I “perish for water!” And many die for want of the “Water of Life” in this land; like Coleridge’s *Ancient Mariner* :—

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.

Remarkable, in this department also, as in others, the Roman Catholics are before us. The work of the Methodist revival is being done by the children of St. Philip Neri, the Oratorians. These are the only people, almost, who preach to the poor. What do Independents, or Baptists, or, for that matter, Methodists either, know about preaching to the poor, to the very poor? Our chapels and churches are, for the most part, it is to be feared, luxuries they cannot afford; and if we send ministers down to the alleys and low courts, we do not send, as Rome sends, gentlemen and men of genius, with a presence of dignity, and a heart of affection, we make the great mistake of sending those who, while they may possess frequently the coarseness which repels, do not carry along with it the sweetness and the dignity which would affect and command.

Before we dismiss this subject, we may bring beneath the notice of our readers a remarkable little volume, memorialising the lamps, pitchers, and trumpets of the Romish Church.* Mr. Gould has compiled a very interesting and even entertaining volume. He is apparently a red-hot Papist, yet we have

* *Post-Medieval Preachers: Some Account of the most Celebrated Preachers of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries; with Outlines of their Sermons, and Specimens of their Style.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., Author of “*Iceland: Its Scenes and Sagas.*” Rivingtons.

no doubt he would consider himself a good Church of England man ; thus we find him saying :—

We may truly say of the majority of Protestant commentators, that—*Their minds are blinded : for until this day remaineth the veil—upon their heart—in the reading of the Old, or New, Testament.* This is more applicable, of course, to foreign reformed theologians—if I may use the term theologian of those who are ignorant of the first principles of theology—than to our own divines. The English Church has always studied the Fathers, and has loved them ; there is no great gulf fixed between us and the Mediævals, as there is between the Church and Protestant sectaries, and gleams of patristic light are reflected in the pages of our great divines. But there are commentators among us, such as *Scott, who, scorning the Master-expositors of early and Mediæval days, go to the study of God's Word with the veil of their self-sufficiency on their hearts, and become hopelessly involved in heresy.*

And again he writes :—

Commentators on Scripture, such as Scott and Henry, really fill pages and volumes with the most deplorable twaddle, and exhibit conclusively their utter incapacity for commenting on any single passage of Scripture. Not only are their comprehensions too dull to grasp the moral lessons in the least below the surface, but they entirely ignore the mystical signification of the events recorded in the Sacred Writings.

Mr. Gould can really have no acquaintance with Matthew Henry ; we should have thought that he would have found much in his method closely assimilating even to mystical and mediæval interpretation. Mr. Gould blows hot and cold ; in one page he tells us, “If our preachers (Anglican) had the zeal and the love of God which were found among the great Catholic orators, and is still to be discovered among Dissenting ministers, there would be fewer complaints of the barrenness of the land, and less deadness to the calls of God in professed Church-goers.” Again he says, “The popular friar preachers, the hedge priests, who took with the vulgar, were much of the stamp of modern Dissenting ministers, men of little education, but considerable assurance ; they spoke in the dialect of the people, they understood their troubles, they knew their tastes.” We almost fear this confers too much honour on most of Dissenting ministers ; no doubt it is true of the men of the early Methodist movement, of such men as John Nelson, of Whitefield ; it is true of George Fox in one age, and of Christmas Evans in another ; but we fear that Dissenting ministers are very near to the same

cold, and formal, and lifeless order of rhetorical and literary preaching to which Anglicanism has surrendered itself. But Mr. Gould knows little or nothing of the Dissenting pulpit, and apparently as little of the Protestant pulpit in general, which he sadly maligns. Of the pulpit of the Church of England, of which he is a member, he only expresses himself with utter and perfect contempt. He has, however, we must again say, compiled, from sources of information only known to the antiquarian and the scholar, a little volume which may be read with profit by the minister of any denomination, and with pleasure by the family fireside in the household room. We have always felt that the Mediæval and Post-mediæval preachers deserved commendations they have seldom received. Mr. Gould especially refers to the Scriptural character of their sermons, and the affluence of Scripture references abounding through many of them; the following is a striking illustration, and it is well introduced :—

To some, the sacred page may be crystalline and colourless as a rain-drop, but to these men who knew from what point to view it, it radiated any colour they desired to catch.

They did not always make long extracts, in the fashion of certain modern sermon-composers,^a who form a sermon out of lengthy Scriptural passages, clumsily pegged together, always with wood; but with one light sweep, the old preachers brush up a whole bright string of sparkling Scriptural instances, in a manner indicating their own intimate acquaintance with Scripture, and implying a corresponding knowledge among their hearers. Take the following sentence of an old Flemish preacher as an instance: he is speaking of the unity prevailing in heaven :—

“*There all strife will have ceased, there all contradiction will have ended, there all emulation will be unknown.*”

“*In that blessed country there will be no Cain to slay his brother Abel; in that family, no Esau to hate Jacob; in that house, no Ishmael to strive with Isaac; in that kingdom, no Saul to persecute David; in that college, no Judas to betray his master.*”

Let me take another example from a sermon on the small number of the elect.

“*Many are called, but few are chosen.*”

“*Noah preached to the old world for a hundred years the coming in of the flood, and how many were saved when the world was destroyed? Eight souls, and among them was the reprobate Ham. Many were called, but only eight were chosen.*”

“*When God would rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, were ten saved? No! only four, and of these four, one looked back. Many were called, but three were chosen.*”

“*Six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, went*

through the Red Sea, the like figure whereunto baptism doth even now save us. The host of Pharaoh and the Egyptians went in after them, and of them not one reached the further shore. And of these Israelites who passed through the sea out of Egypt, how many entered the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey? Two only—Caleb and Joshua. Many—six hundred thousand—were called, few, even two, were chosen. All the host of Pharaoh, a shadow of those who despise and set at nought the Red Sea of Christ's blood, perish without exception; of God's chosen people, image of His Church, only few indeed are saved.

"How many multitudes teemed in Jericho, and of them how many escaped when Joshua encamped against the city? The walls fell, men and women perished. One house alone escaped, known by the scarlet thread, type of the blood of Jesus, and that was the house of a harlot.

"Gideon went against the Midianites with thirty-two thousand men. The host of Midian was without number, as the sand of the sea-side for multitude. How many of these thirty-two thousand men did God suffer Gideon to lead into victory? Three hundred only. Many, even thirty-two thousand men, were called, three hundred chosen.

"Type and figure this of the many enrolled into the Church's army, of whom so few go on to 'fight the good fight of faith!'

"Of the tribes of Israel *twelve men only were chosen* to be Apostles; and of those twelve, one was a traitor, one doubtful, one denied his Master, all forsook Him,

"How *many rulers* were there among the Jews when Christ came; but *one only went to Him*, and *he by night*.

"How *many rich men* were there when our blessed Lord walked this earth; but *one only ministered* unto Him, and he only in His burial!

"How *many peasants* were there in the country when Christ went to die; but *one only was deemed worthy to bear His cross*, and he bore it by constraint!

"How *many thieves* were there in *Judæa* when Christ was there; but *one only entered Paradise*, and he was converted in his last hour!

"How *many centurions* were there scattered over the province; and *one only saw and believed*, and he by cruelly piercing the Saviour's side!

How *many harlots* were there in that wicked and adulterous generation; but *one only washed His feet with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head!* Truly, '*Many are called, but few are chosen!*'"

To attempt to restore to the pulpit its various modes of middle age and Romish teaching is quite impossible now; yet the use of figure and simile was often very coarse. Meffreth, in the fifteenth century, illustrating the text, "Here we have no continuing city," compares "this poor world of ours to the weed-covered back of a large whale, which an eminent and

“veracious navigator—of course, Sindbad—mistook for a verdant isle, only to discover his mistake when he began to drive into it the stakes for his habitation.” But we have far nobler illustrations of the use of simile; thus, John Osorius says that “as he lies on his bed he hears the stroke, stroke of his heart; “and it sounds to him as though within were two wood-cutters, “engaged night and day in hewing down a tree. Nor am I “wrong in thinking so, he continues, for Flux and Reflux are “engaged every hour in laying their axes to the root of the tree “of life. In another sermon he speaks of men fretting over “the loss of worldly goods and neglecting their eternal inheritance, as resembling the little boy who has built a mud castle, “and who weeps when a passer-by overthrows it with his foot, “though he cares nothing that a lawsuit is going on at the time, “by which a large inheritance is being wrested from him.” Francis] Coster dealt with innumerable stories in the pulpit; he must have been a kind of Hans Andersen. Mr. Gould says :—

The stories Coster tells are very unequal. There is one delightful mediæval tale reproduced by him which I shall venture to relate, as it is full of beauty, and inculcates a wholesome lesson. There is a ballad in German on the subject, to be found in Pöcchi and Göres’ *Fest Kalender*, which has been translated into English and published in some Roman children’s books.

The story was, I believe, originated by Anthony of Sienna, who relates it in his Chronicle of the Dominican Order; and it was from him that the preachers and writers of the Middle Ages drew the incident. With the reader’s permission I will tell the story in my own words, instead of giving the stiff and dry record found in Coster.

There was once a good priest who served a church in Lusitania; and he had two pupils, little boys, who came to him daily to learn their letters, and to be instructed in the Latin tongue.

Now these children were wont to come early from home, and to assist at mass, before ever they ate their breakfast or said their lessons. And thus was each day sanctified to them, and each day saw them grow in grace and in favour with God and man.

These little ones were taught to serve at the Holy Sacrifice, and they performed their parts with care and reverence. They knelt and responded, they raised the priest’s chasuble and kissed its hem, they rang the bell at the sanætus and the elevation; and all they did, they did right well.

And when mass was over, they extinguished the altar lights, and then, taking their little loaf and can of milk, retired to a side chapel for their breakfast.

One day the elder lad said to his master—

"Good father, who is the strange child who visits us every morning when we break our fast?"

"I know not," answered the priest. And when the children asked the same question day by day, the old man wondered, and said, "Of what sort is he?"

"He is dressed in a white robe without seam, and it reacheth from his neck to his feet."

"Whence cometh he?"

"He steppeth down to us, suddenly, as it were from the altar. And we ask him to share our food with us: and that he doth right willingly every morning."

Then the priest wondered yet more, and he asked, "Are there marks by which I should know him, were I to see him?"

"Yes, father; he hath wounds in his hands and feet; and as we give him of our food, the blood flows forth and moistens the bread in his hands, till it blushes like a rose."

And when the master heard this, a great awe fell upon him, and he was silent awhile. But at last he said gravely, "Oh, my sons, know that the Holy Child Jesus hath been with you. Now when He cometh again, say to Him, 'Thou, O Lord, hast breakfasted with us full often, grant that we brothers and our dear master may sup with Thee.'"

And the children did as the priest bade them. The Child Jesus smiled sweetly, as they made the request, and replied, "Be it so; on Thursday next, the day of My ascension, ye shall sup with Me."

So when Ascension Day arrived, the little ones came very early as usual, but they brought not their loaf, nor the tin of milk. And they assisted at mass as usual; they vested the priest, they lighted the tapers, they chanted the responds, they rang the bell. But when the Pax vobiscum had been said they remained on their knees, kneeling behind the priest. And so they gently fell asleep in Christ, and they, with their dear master, sat down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

John Raulin was born at Toul, in 1443, and educated in Paris, where he died, in the Abbey of Clugny, 1514, aged seventy-one. He seems to be a very fair type of the preachers of that period, sometimes a grave theologian, sometimes almost ignorant, and really coarse in his buffoonery. He delighted in far-fetched similes, and in satiric beast fables, through which he lashed the corruptions of the Church.

On one occasion, when preaching on the corruptions in the Church, and declaiming against the way in which the clergy condoned moral sins of the blackest dye, but showed the utmost severity when the slightest injury was done to the temporal welfare of the Church, he illustrated his subject by a story to this effect:

The beasts were once determined to keep Lent strictly, and to begin by making their confessions. The Lion was appointed confessor. First to be shriven came the Wolf, who with expressions of remorse acknowledged himself a grievous sinner, and confessed that he had—yes, he had—once eaten a lamb.

“Any extenuating circumstances?” asked the Lion.

“Well, yes, there were,” quoth the Wolf; “for the mother who bore me, and my ancestors from time immemorial, have been notable lamb-eaters, and ‘what’s born in the bone comes out in the flesh.’”

“Quite so,” said the confessor; “your penance is this,—say one Pater noster.”

The next to approach the tribunal of penance was the Fox, with drooping tail, a lachrymose eye, and humble gait.

“I have sinned, father!” began Reynard, beating his breast; “I have sinned grievously through my own fault; I—I—I—yes, I once did eat a hen.”

“Any extenuating circumstances?” asked the Lion.

“Two,” replied the penitent: “I must say, the fault was not quite my own. The hen was grossly fat, and it roosted within reach. Now, had she been an ascetic, and had she gone to sleep in some tree, I should never have touched her, I assure you, father.”

“There is some truth in that,” said the confessor; “say, as penance, one Pater Noster.”

Next came the Donkey, hobbling up to the confessional, and her broken ee-yaws! could be heard from quite a distance. For some time the poor brute was so convulsed with sobs that not a word she said could be distinguished. At last she gulped forth that she had sinned in three things.

“And what are they?” asked the Lion, gruffly.

“Oh, father! first of all, as I went along the roads, I found grass and thistles in the hedges; they were so tempting that—that—ee-yaw, ee-yaw!”

“Go on, growled the Lion; “you ate them; you committed robbery,—Vile monster! I shudder at the enormity of your crime.”

“Secondly,” continued the Donkey, “as I came near a monastery one summer’s day, the gates were wide open to air the cloisters; impelled by curiosity, I—I—I—just ventured to walk in, and I think I may have somewhat befouled the pavement.”

“What!” exclaimed the confessor, rising in his seat, and shaking his mane; “enter the sanctuary dedicated to religion—*you*, a female, knowing that it is against the rules of the order that aught but males should intrude; and then, too, that little circumstance about the pavement! Go on,” said the Lion, grimly.

“Oh, father!” sighed the poor penitent, “the holy monks were all in chapel, and singing the office. They sang so beautifully that my heart was lifted up within me, and at the close of a collect my feelings overcame me, and I tried to say Amen; but produced only an ee-

yaw ! which interrupted the service and hindered the devotion of the monks."

"Horrible !" cried the Lion, his eyes flashing with pious zeal, his hair bristling with virtuous indignation. "Monster steeped in crime, is there any penance too great to inflict on you ? I—" The reader may guess what became of the helpless beast.

This story, which I have related in my own words, instead of giving a literal translation, must have been a cutting satire on the practices of the clergy of that period, and as true as it was cutting ; but the pulpit was not the place for it.

The following seems to be a satire upon the Dominicans ; the last sentence describes their dress :—

It occurs in a sermon on St. Nicolas. He is speaking of the persuasion which parents have that their children are perfect spiritually and corporeally. Once an old toad had a son who was fond of church-going—so fond, indeed, that in the ardour of his devotion he went one day without his socks. This troubled the old toad, as his son was liable to colds in the head if he caught chills in his feet. Seeing the hare dashing by, he called out, "Hey ! you, there ! going to church, I suppose ? Do me a good turn and take my son his socks, or he'll get his death of cold."

"But how am I to know your son ?"

"Nothing more easy," replied the toad ; "there's not such a good-looking fellow in the crowd."

"Ah ! I know him," said the hare ; "we call him the swan."

"Swan !" expressed in a tone of contempt, "swan ! a fellow with great splay feet and a neck you might tie in a knot !"

"Well, let me see ! I know him ; he is the peacock."

The toad screamed with dismay. "How can you insult me by thinking that cracked-voiced thing my son ?" and he puffed himself up to the shape of a ball.

"Then how am I to know your son ?"

"Why, look you," pumped forth the toad with stateliness, "he is remarkably handsome—ahem ! he is the image of me : has goggle eyes, a blotched back, and a great white belly !"

We might quote even at much greater length, but we have quoted sufficient to show the vein of interest running through this little volume. Thus the trumpet sounded in those ages ; in this way the lamp shone forth from the earthen vessel. The pulpit has all along been hidden strength, hidden power, concealed power, something within the pitcher ; it is all along faith, faith in that which is invisible to other men. Very truly says Mr. Gould :—

He who prays much is filled with a power of winning souls quite inexplicable; he sheds a sort of magnetic influence upon hearts, drawing them to Christ; and, though the words be few and ill-chosen, they can do a work for God which the most polished masterpiece of elocution would be powerless to effect.

I think the story is told of Francis Borgia, that he was asked to preach at a certain church in a distant city. On his arrival he was too ill to speak, and he requested some one to occupy his place. "No!" said the priest who had summoned him; "only mount the pulpit, say nothing, and come away." He did so; hearts were touched, people burst into tears, and the confessionals were filled with penitents. He was a man of *Prayer*.

Also great is the mystery, wonderful is the parable; there is power in a broken pitcher; it perishes, and then the excellency of the power is seen, for the power is in the lamp; the body dies, and then, like an ever-burning lamp, over the tomb, the light breaks forth. Mr. Gould tells us a story in these pages; the power was not in the trumpet, or in the crash of the pitcher, but in the lamp: the beams of the lamp were as a sharp and penetrative sword; the lamp was as the sword of the Lord, light, knowledge, illustration, conviction, sentence, conversion.

DANISH LITERATURE.—PALUDAN-MÜLLER.*

MORE than once in the course of the last thousand years has the ancient kingdom of Denmark been shaken to its very foundations; often, already, have its southern enemies, with loud voice, proclaimed the speedy and utter extinction of its nationality, and heartlessly predicted the hour when its old and time-honoured name would be struck out from the list of nations, and its individuality absorbed by that of its powerful neighbour. The most recent history offers a striking example of this. Not many months ago, the news from the seat of war in Denmark was: "The Dannevirke has been evacuated by the Danes, and nearly the whole of Slesvig has been occupied by the Germans." None but Danes themselves, or those who for any length of time had lived in Denmark, would be able fully to appreciate the dire import of these few short words. That ancient wall of defence, which had been erected nearly a thousand years ago by good Queen Thyra Dannebod, that rampart with its numberless recollections, sweet and sad, so celebrated in the old ballads, and sagas, and the more modern national songs of Denmark—razed to the ground by the Germans—that bright jewel in the Danish crown, Slesvig, the stage on which the most momentous scenes of Danish history were played; all that in the hands of the bitterest enemies; lost, and, perhaps, lost for ever! That shock was severe, indeed; it pierced the heart of the nation, and made its very life-blood gush forth. Then hatred lifted its head, and hoarsely raised the cry, that Denmark's last hour had come; then even friends began to despair, and chime in with the death-knell of a dying nation. But it seems true, what Talleyrand once half-mockingly said: "The kind God has always a miracle ready to save that little country from utter destruction." Though the wounds inflicted by the late war are still bleeding, yet that nation is living, and will, with God's help, again rise from the flames like a phoenix; though its Dannevirke is lost, there is no fear of its nationality being swept away to oblivion by the waves of Pangermanism. Denmark's strength does not lie in the sword of steel, which is soon broken; its real strength, its hope for the future, is in the sword

* *Adam Homo: a Poem.* By Frederik Paludan-Müller. Third Edition. Copenhagen. 1857.

of the mind, in the sword of genius, of art, and poetry. This, the most powerful enemy cannot break asunder, and here, as Hans Andersen, in his beautiful drama, *The Dannerirke of Art*, has it, is its strong wall of defence. Danish literature is like a garden of roses, fresh and blooming, never to be forgotten. The wild waves of the ocean may tear away the land, where the roses bloomed; but they, sweetly perfuming the air, will remain floating at the surface, and be preserved and cherished as a greeting from the vanished country. The tree of poesy, as a well-known writer remarks, has many branches; some are shining and polished, they are almost like mahogany; others, full of life and vigour, shoot forth leaves and blossoms in irregular profusion. Though we would not thereby imply that in Danish literature that happy combination of art and nature, which deserves the highest prize, could not be found; though there is, or rather has been, a school of writers in Denmark, who would sacrifice much to the outward beautiful form;—still, the majority of Danish writers, those who give the character to the literature of their country, have been men who, either in prose or verse, poured forth their feelings from the depth of their hearts, in the most unsophisticated manner. The Danes, as a whole, may well be called a poetical nation; and only writers who could suit this popular taste would be able to find an audience in such a small country as Denmark. It has been said that Denmark was only a promontory of Germany, and, in a geographical point of view, this is undoubtedly true; but we cannot but think that the inference drawn from this by the able writer, who made this remark, that the literary life of Denmark was only an emanation from a German source, and, as it were, a faint reflection of that great sun, has sprung from utter ignorance of the country and the people. Denmark, though a small country, is one of the oldest monarchies in Europe; it has a history of its own, abounding with the most original and romantic tales and legends, a history not shut up in a few volumes, but a history living in the heart of the whole nation. Denmark, though not endowed by nature with those brilliant beauties which draw the tourists of all countries to Switzerland and Italy, is, nevertheless, not void of beautiful, and, what we would here lay a particular stress on, original and poetical scenery. There is Jutland, with its sandhills, in the west, laved by the wild billows of the North Sea, with its vast and lonely moors in the centre, where for miles and miles nothing is to be seen but the red flowers of the heather, and an ancient tumulus on the distant horizon; no sound to be heard but the humming of the wild bees, or the screaming of a bird; with its fertile east coast, where large forests of beech-trees,

like a fresh wreath, lay themselves close to the shores of the blue sea. There are the islands innumerable, large and small, with their hedge-rows, their luxuriant fields, and meadows, and woods, their quaint old dreamy towns by the water's edge, their ancient castles, with the grand lime avenues and stately parks. There is Copenhagen, in the Sound, that great highway of nations, the only city of the kingdom—and a true royal one too—with its palaces and treasures of art, with its charming society, with its splendid theatre. The Danish people, though small in numbers, have preserved, throughout, their distinct national character, which is decidedly different from the German. Together with a glowing love of their country, and everything connected with it, there is in the Danish character a strange mixture of the dreamy, the fantastic with the genuinely humorous, the one being, so to speak, a check on the other, and preventing it from going too far in any direction. We now venture to say, and we believe that any one who has made himself thoroughly acquainted with Denmark and its people will readily agree with us in this, that there are few countries of which the literature is such a faithful reflection, as the Danish. Denmark is a country comparatively seldom visited by travellers, its history almost unknown to foreigners, and its literature, with a very few exceptions, only seen in a dim outline by other nations. The Danish language is only spoken by about three millions of people in the now separated kingdoms of Norway and Denmark, and exceedingly few are the students of this language in other countries, chiefly because it is of very little practical use in this matter-of-fact world of ours. All this may partly account for the little attention bestowed upon this subject. But, nevertheless, Denmark may safely be placed beside some of the most important states of Europe, as regards its literature, and not be ashamed of the comparison. It would be sad, indeed, if none else could sing touchingly and strike deep chords of the human heart, but Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Byron, &c. No, God be praised, there are flowers blooming, and fruits ripening, in all the valleys, and on all the hills, of Europe for the enjoyment of those who live far from the great literary markets, and the delight and astonishment of the traveller who wanders in these lonely paths. The fact that these hidden flowers are not brought more to the light might not be regretted so much, if not, instead, so many worthless, so many bad productions were brought into the market. There is no doubt, in our days, in England, a large amount of interest felt in the kindred nation of the Danes—in their history and literature; something also has been done to diffuse this knowledge, and we would not, for an instant,

underrate the value of these efforts. Most of Hans Andersen's works, a few of Oehlenschläger's, by no means his best, and some by authors of less note, have been translated. We possess Howitt's work on the *Literature of Modern Europe*; there have been articles here and there, in reviews and magazines, on the subject: but every one acquainted with it will at once agree with us, that much remains to be done, especially with regard to the richest portion, the more modern Danish literature. Of all the names that adorn it, none shines with brighter lustre than that of Frederik Paludan-Müller. He is, without a doubt, the greatest living poet, perhaps the greatest poet Denmark ever possessed, and, more than many others, he deserves to be known in wider circles. Mention is made of him in Howitt's work, where also a short specimen of his poetry is given, and he is likewise briefly spoken of in an article of the *North British Review*, a few years back. Both these articles, however, convey but a very incomplete idea of the man and his works, and it is, therefore, our object to introduce him anew to the English public. It will be necessary, first, to cast a brief glance at his life, and then give as complete an epitome, as the short space will allow, of his greatest and most characteristic work, *Adam Homo*.

Paludan-Müller was born on the 7th of February, 1809, at the little town of Kjerteminde in the Island of Fyen, the home of Hans Andersen, and of Terichau, the famous sculptor. After having received his first education at the Cathedral-school of Odeuse, he in the year 1828 entered the University of Copenhagen, where he devoted himself to the study of the law. But already, at that time, he occupied his leisure hours with poetical compositions, and in 1832 he published, anonymously, four short romances: *Leire*, *Frode's Death*, *King Christian II.*, and *Refnaesforest*. Encouraged by the success which these poems gained, he, in the same year, wrote his first play, *Love at Court*, which, in 1833, was followed by *The Dancer*, a Poem, in Three Cantos. This work at once established his fame, and secured for him a place among Denmark's great poets. The depth of thought, the originality of expression, the brilliant descriptions, the biting satire, and last, but not least, the music of the verses, entirely captivated the public and the critics. This was perhaps even more the case with *Cupid and Psyche*, a dramatic poem, which he produced in the following year. In 1835 he published *Zulcima's Flight*, a poetic tale, and in 1836 a volume of poems, containing, besides many smaller pieces, *The Adventure in the Forest*, a play, and *Alf and Rose*, a tale. About this time he experienced the first and only attack by the critics. It would lead us too far to

enter into this question whether these criticisms, which appeared in the chief literary periodical of Denmark, were justified or not. Suffice it to say, that he entirely quieted the critics, and once more gloriously established his reputation by his polemic and satiric poem, *Trochees and Iambics*, which he published in 1837. In the year 1838 a second volume of poems appeared, containing *The Prince and the Page*, a play; the three poetic tales, *Beatrice*; *The Vestal Virgin*, and *The Slave*; besides some of his best lyrical pieces, amongst which the excellent little poem, *The Nightwatch*. In this same year he married the daughter of Professor Borch in Soro, who was eight years older than himself. The years 1839 and 1840 were spent in a journey to Germany, the Netherlands, France, Switzerland, and Italy. On his return he published *Venus*, a mythological play, and in 1842 the first part of his great work, *Adam Homo*. The sensation which this poem created was immense, and, more than ever, the nation felt that this was the golden age of its literature; the noonday sun of that bright day, the dawn of which had begun with Bazzesen; which, with all its splendour, had been ushered in by Ochleneschläger, and which now placed Paludan-Müller's name beside those of J. L. Heiberg, Ingemann, Hertz, Hauch, Winther, and the long list of popular poets and writers, who followed in their train. In 1844 he produced another drama, *Tithon*, and the charming and thoroughly national fairy-play, *The Dryad's Wedding*. The following years saw him occupied in finishing his *Adam Homo*, the second and concluding part of which appeared in the volcanic year, 1848. The Danish Government now bestowed upon him the long-merited and well-earned reward for his literary labours. In 1850 he was created Knight of the Dannebrog, got the title of "Professor," and an annual pension from the State. In 1852 appeared from his pen, *The Aeronaut and the Atheist*, a satiric poem. That he has not exhausted his poetic powers, he has clearly shown by the three larger poems, *Calamus*, *Abel's Death*, and *Ahasverus*, published in one volume in 1854—works which, in Denmark, are considered equal to any he ever produced—and by his volume of new poems, published in 1861, containing *Paradise*, *Cain*, and *Benedict of Nursia*.

There is no falling off to be noticed in these his most recent works. The fire of youth is still glowing in his verses, but purified by the mature reflection of manhood. If God grants him years, as truly we hope, we may see him take still deeper draughts from the inexhaustible well of pure and true poetry, and bring forth new works for the enjoyment and glory of his country.

This would not be the place to enter into a long critique of his different works. They have long since passed the fiery ordeal in their own country, and have been found pure gold. Our aim here can only be to give as vivid a picture as possible of one of his most characteristic works, and none could suit this purpose better than *Adam Homo*. It has truly been called the Danish *Faust*; and though embracing the whole life of man from the cradle to the tomb—life with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes, its passions, its aspirations; thereby giving to the poem a world-wide range—it nevertheless is, on the other hand, intensely, supremely national in its character; and the originality and music of the language, which here, we believe, has reached its highest point of perfection will, perhaps, always be in the way of a translation of this work. It is not our intention to give a few extracts, but to present the reader with a short prose version of the whole poem, believing this to be the best way of conveying a correct idea of it. Considering that it contains upwards of twenty thousand lines, this will necessarily have to be in a very compressed and concise form; but still no important feature shall be omitted.

The poem is written in the metre of Byron's *Don Juan*, and is divided into twelve cantos; with a short prologue: in this the aim and plan of the poem are stated. Those times are gone, long since, when the tones of the bard's harp mingled with the sounds of shields and swords, when victorious heroes were inspirited, and conquered ones soothed, by its music; the golden age has vanished, when the minstrel sat in the lordly castle, surrounded by fair ladies and brave knights, and sang of Lancelot and Roland; that time was poetic: ours, if anything, is merely æsthetic. How, then, shall the poet attain to that end which seems the ostensible purpose of every man's life under the sun, namely, to please? By choosing a hero from every-day life, a hero commonplace and Danish; a hero who, free from encumbering ideals, unromantically goes his way through life. Surely such a one must please the multitude; but, whilst he lives on and gets old and grey, a deeper truth shall gradually shine forth from this dull background.

The scene in the *First Canto* opens on the east coast of Jutland, not far from the little town of Veile, called, on account of the beauty of its scenery, the Jutland Paradise. But now fields and forests are covered with snow; even the gulf of Veile is frozen over. It is Christmas-eve; and the thousand glittering stars of the winterly firmament reflected on the snowy expanse, give it a whiteness such only as is found on the features of the dying, when eternity opens to their vision. All is silent, not an air

breathing; only from the bay you hear footsteps. It is Peter Homo, the clergyman of the little village, whose white-washed church is seen looming forth from among the dark masses of forest on the shore. He is a stout, little man, in his best years, dressed in a simple, home-made garb. He has been out for a short walk, and now hastens home with quick steps. His eyes wander from the bright stars of heaven to a little red speck among the trees, the light from the well-known window of his parsonage; and as his eyes, so are his thoughts, divided between heaven and earth. He thinks of the scarcely begun sermon, that is waiting for him on the desk of his study; he looks upwards, and feels as if he should drink in heaven-inspired thoughts from the bright source of light above. But soon the little earth-born star gains the ascendancy in his mind. The light from his home always more distinctly beckons him on to his warm and cheerful room, where a loving wife is awaiting him with his first-born son, who to-morrow, in holy baptism, shall be received in the bosom of the Christian Church. The whole scene is before his mind—the old little church, the singing of the hymns, the long prayer, and the screaming of the baby. Leaving him, we will look into the parsonage. Here we see a simple, homely room, with heavy beams to support the ceiling. There is a large stove with a bright fire, an old sofa, in the corner the old-fashioned clock, close to it the cradle, and, above it, on the wall, a cage with the bird in it asleep. Homo's young wife is bending over the cradle, and her beautiful eyes beam with joy when looking at her first-born son, who sleeps peacefully, his round little hands firmly grasping the pillow. She eagerly listens to his light breathing; she hears so much in it, which only a mother can hear—the tones of joy and the sighs of the future. "Oh, before they come," she whispers, "let me rock my darling!" The striking of the clock awakes her from these dreams and reminds her of the Christmas-eve supper. Soon afterwards Homo returns, and after a hasty meal goes to his study, to finish his sermon. His wife remains behind, busy with the christening robe of the child, and again her thoughts wander far out into the distant future—and what does a mother not see in such moments?—but mostly she will die a false prophetess, for darkness veils it as yet, and her hopes and wishes are already but too well defined. Her heart is so full, she opens the window and looks out into the night; a falling star shoots across the heavens; another larger one follows it. Bright hopes fill her soul; it is a good omen, she thinks; for in the same moment, she sent a fervent prayer for her child up to the Father of love. Christmas-eve closes here. A charming episode fol-

lows : Christmas in a Danish country parsonage, with all its innocent joy and mirth. After some reflections on the quiet charms of country life, where *the stream of time flows on so noiselessly, so gently as if made to draw the thoughts inward*, we meet again on Christmas-day in Homo's room. The god-fathers have arrived. First, the vicar of the parish, Mathias Holm, with his wife : he is Homo's father-in-law, and a strict and orthodox man of the old school. Then the Rev. Jeremias Top, with his wife ; both of them sanctimonious people of the world. Finally, the Rev. Henrik Flint, with his sister ; he a thorough sceptic, and full of Strauss's book, which had just then appeared. The circle is completed by Homo, who, though at heart a rationalist, still tries to keep up the appearance of a believing Christian. His wife enters, followed by Pasop, the faithful old dog, on her arms the little candidate for baptism. Joyfully blushing, she shows him to the admiring ladies, who would never have ended their encomiums, if old Holm had not reminded them that it was time to go to church. The Christmas sun shines brightly through the windows of the little old church, which is already filled with the peasants from the village, whilst in the pew near the pulpit the old Baronet, with his spouse, has taken his seat. Old Homo preaches a very characteristic sermon on the seat of Christ's birth. He soon leaves his subject, and proposes to speak of the hopes and fears which are felt by the parents every time a mortal being enters this transitory abode. The child is a citizen of this world ; which he explains in a two-fold manner. Taken in one sense, it means a spirit descending from the invisible world to take shape and individuality here below ; a spirit with a deep inborn longing for that source of light from which it sprang. On the other hand, the word implies the duties of this life—to work and plod on, to gain a livelihood and position in this world. Naturally, therefore, hopes must be mixed with fears in the heart of the parents, who, in a way, are responsible for the existence of the child. From the abstract he turns to the concrete, to the prosaic every-day life as it is in Denmark, commonplace and real. These are times of fermentation in art and science ; in State and Church, the very foundations of faith are shaken. What a terrible thought, to send out a young and inexperienced being into the tumultuous waves of this wild and roaring sea, where even many an experienced sailor founders ! And, again, how is the child to gain a livelihood ? Denmark is but a small country ; every available ground seems to have been taken up already. Homo dispels all these gloomy clouds by a quotation from Scripture : "Look at the lilies," &c. Here

he feels in his element; for fear of want and old debts are demons that continually haunt him. From child as genus, he now turns to the individual, his own son, telling his congregation according to what principles he will educate him. Without being suspicious of anybody, he shall never put his trust in man. He shall be kept free from all illusions; his passions shall early be curbed; he shall find his glory in useful employment, be led to gain a firm stand-point in every respect; reason shall be his light to guide him through the darkness of this world, and finally lead him to heaven. After the sermon the child is baptized, and receives the name "Adam." The congregation disperses; the simple peasants find the sermon very nice, for it was all about the parson and his son. Far different is the verdict of the god-fathers, old Holm especially murmuring to himself, whilst leaving the church, that a clergyman should never swerve from his text. The next scene brings us again to the parsonage. The Christmas dinner is over; the health of the child has been drunk; coffee is brought; the ladies sit together knitting and chatting, and the parsons, blowing vast clouds of smoke from their long pipes, enter upon a learned dispute about the proper explanation of the verse:—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." The opinions on the latter part of the verse are much divided. Jeremias Top maintains that all who are not baptized must become Satan's prey; whilst Flint thinks that, finally, everybody shall be saved. Top sneers at the idea of a heaven where all manner of rabble is received, and comes back to this; "without baptism no salvation." "Then do you think David is in hell?" Flint eagerly exclaims. "No," says Top, "but in heaven he is not." The dispute is afterwards transferred to a different ground. Flint considers most of the Scripture as myths, and is in this again opposed by Top. The dispute becomes so hot, that old Holm, who can scarcely constrain his anger from vehemently bursting forth, gives them a sound reprimand, and winds it up by saying, that nobody should ever argue away from him the least word of his Bible, and that he considered Strauss, and all the other apostles of myths, as nothing better than avowed disciples of Satan. Thus Christmas day ends. There is a saying on the shores of the Little Belt, that every male child will not only be like his father, but also like his god-father. This is the poet's excuse for having dwelt so long on this scene.

The *Second Canto* commences with a beautiful apostrophe to childhood, when truly we possessed Paradise still. We hoped so much from the future; but one after one our hopes depart,

the end of our life is already near at hand, and looking back we feel convinced that childhood is, after all, the brightest spot on its gloomy path. Adam Homo is now five years old. He has already learnt to fear and to love; this from his mother, and that from his father, who educates him according to the strictest principles, and from whom he but seldom gets a smile. But, oh, how different the mother! how sweet and tender! She sings for him, she plays with him, she prays with him, and gives him a kiss before he goes to sleep in his little bed. Everything she shares with him—his joys and his sorrows—and, withal, thinks of his education. Here is an instance: on a beautiful summer morning we find little Adam and his mother sitting in the garden; he with his book on his knee trying to spell through the lesson his father has set him. Frequent tears fall on the page, for though he can read it he cannot understand the verb “to be,” which he has to learn, the meaning of which his father demands from him. “O mother! dear mother!” he sighs, looking up to her with his large blue eyes, “O mother, ‘what does it mean, ‘to be,’ I cannot understand that word?” The mother, scarcely knowing herself what to answer, rises and takes a stroll with him through the garden. A little bird flies across the path; “Look at it,” she says, “how it flies home to ‘its nest in the hedge! Hear how it sings, whilst it prepares ‘the bed for its young ones! for to sing, to fly, to feed its little ‘ones, that, my Adam, is what the birds call ‘to be.’ Look at ‘the big snail creeping slowly along; when the sun shines hot ‘on its back, then it says, though you cannot hear it, ‘to be’ ‘is to sport in the warm sunshine. And if the trees could only ‘speak, they would tell you, ‘to be,’ is to stand in the green ‘grove, to bring forth leaves and blossoms, to stretch out their ‘branches like long arms, to receive the refreshing shower and ‘the blessed sunshine.” Whilst thus from the rich source of her heart the genial stream of words flowed, little Adam stood gazing at her like in a dream, listening to her speech with a serious face; and with a tender, begging voice he asks again, “O mother, you must tell me once more what it is ‘to be!’” “O, do I know it myself?” she whispers, and, overcome by her motherly feelings, she presses her son to her bosom with these words, “When I hold you, my darling, in my arms, and ‘pray to God for you, and me, and all my dear ones, then I ‘know best what it is ‘to be.’ But we will go to your father; ‘perhaps he will be able to tell us the meaning of the word; to-day papa shall be the pupil, and little Adam shall examine ‘him. And if he can tell us what it is ‘to be,’ we will both ‘give him a kiss.” Very few passages from Müller have found

translators in the English language, but a very favourable rendering of this sentiment appeared some years since in Howitt's *Northern Literature* :—

"O mother," Adam sighed, "tell thou to me,"
And with these words his large blue eyes he raised,
As at her feet he sate, and on her gazed,
"Tell me, dear mother, what it means, *to be* ?
What those two words can mean I cannot tell,
Yet, says my father, I must learn them well ;
I know my lesson well from line to line,
Yet what *to be* means I cannot divine."

"*To be* ?" the parson's daughter whispered low,
In self-communion, with a quiet smile,
And stroking with her hand his cheek the while,
"These words, my child ! their sense dost thou not know
Nay, let not thy tears fall, but bear in mind
That weeping sometimes maketh people blind.
Now dry thine eyes. I yet may show to thee
The meaning of these words in some degree."

Thus, rising from the garden seat, she spoke,
Whilst the boy clapped his hands for joy amain,
And full of gladness flung aside his book,
Because it tired him, as the slave his chain ;
Then after silent thought, she spake again :
"Come," and his hand with tender love she took ;
"Come, Adam, thou and I awhile will walk,
And thus about thy lesson can we talk."

And through the garden went the loving pair ;
And full of life and with a roguish joy,
Among the bushes hid the merry boy ;
Then with a cry leapt forth, his mother to scare.
Thus through the garden-paths they took their way,
Until the meadows green before them lay ;
And then a little bird on pinions bright,
Flew past them towards the distance calm and bright.

"Behold the bird !" said she unto her son,
Who gazing on its flight, beside her stood,
"See how yon little bird hath quickly flown
Back to its nest within the meadow wood ;
See, only with its tiny beak alone,
It makes a nest for its beloved brood.
To sing, to fly, to rear its progeny,
That, says the bird, my Adam, is *to be*."

"And look thou at the snail, which slowly fareth
Along the pathway in a shiny maze,
Which ever with its long horns round it stareth,
Yet is so bashful, as thou say'st, always ;
When it rejoiceth and no food doth lack,
And the sun shines upon its wrinkled back,

Then doth it say, though thou no word mayst hear,
To be, is thus to move in sunshine clear!

"And if the mighty trees had tongues as well
 As have the leaves and every tender blossom,
 So that they could of their experience tell,
 And thou shouldst ask them, thus would they unbosom
 Their vigorous thoughts: *to be* is to put forth
 Both leaf and flower, with groves to crown the earth;
 To spread, like mighty arms, their branches wide,
 To be with sunshine and with rain supplied!"

Whilst from the spring-head thus of her fresh feelings,
 Poured forth of easy words the eloquent stream,
 Stood Adam, gazing as if in a dream,
 Gazing, yet drinking in her sweet revealings.
 She paused: and troubling thought again came stealing
 O'er him, and with a voice of low appealing,
 Again he cried, "Still, mother, tell to me,
 Tell me once more the meaning of *to be*!"

"Know I myself?" she whispered low and mild:
 Then by the mother's glowing impulse led,
 She lifted from the ground the little child,
 And clasped him to her heart, as thus she said:
 "When I enfold thee thus with loving care,
 And all my soul lift up to God in prayer,
 For thee and for myself and for my dearest,
 Then what it is *to be* I feel the clearest!"

"But to thy father let us now return,
 That he may to us these hard words make plain,
 Perhaps we from the strong that light may gain,
 Which we, the feeble ones, cannot discern.
 —Adam shall question, Peter shall explain;
 We both of us will go and from him learn,
 And both our kisses shall be his reward
 If he can answer us this question hard!"

What old Homo answered them, the author does not tell us, but from henceforth he did not trouble his boy with logical explanations. From a purely theoretical he turned to a more sound and practical method of education, with plenty of exercise in the open air. We see father and son leap and run and climb and play together; and when he is tired, he goes to his mother, who, in her tender, womanly way, teaches him different things, and impresses his mind with her own habits of order, cleanliness, and regularity. It is his every-day duty, to give the bird and the dog their food and water. Herself a poetic mind, she was not afraid to do him harm by a little poetry, and taught him some of the well-known simple Danish songs and tunes; and charming it was to hear them sing, in the evening, when all the

work was done, a song in praise of old Denmark. In the morning she read a passage from God's Word to him, and explained it in her simple way; and in the evening she called him to the window to show him the innumerable stars, and tell him of God's love to us. She truly knew what it meant "to educate," an art which upgrown people so very seldom understand. They show themselves so high and so rich in mind, that the child must feel quite low and poor; whilst an educator should just descend, and, in spite of his great wisdom, become like a little child—a new method, which God himself taught us, when he sent his Son down to our world. Little Adam is the favourite of all the servants, in fact of the whole village, and being the parson's son is much petted, so that soon ambition, like a little serpent, began to creep into the paradise of his heart. Of all his playmates he likes none better than little Annie, the daughter of their neighbour the sexton. They learn their lessons together, and play together. One day, whilst strolling through the fields together, Adam points out to Annie the dusty high-road in the distance.

"Look," he says, "that is the way to Aarhus; in a few years I shall go there to college, and then I shall come back as a parson." "Yes," Annie eagerly exclaims, "and then you will marry me." And in their childish manner they revel in this idea. Swiftly do those joyful years fly past; Adam is now twelve years old. One bright morning the carriage holds before the door; Adam with his mother get in and away it goes, away from home for the first time, towards Aarhus. As no pupils live in the school, a room has to be found in the town, with an old tailor, Brandt, who promises duly to take care of the boy. He is examined by the head master and placed in the lowest class. After many many tears, the mother tears herself away from her boy, who is now, for the first time in his life, left alone with all his sorrows. Before going to bed, he looks out of the window of his little room, to find the direction where Veile lay, for there was his home and his heart. At last, he thought he had found the exact spot on the horizon, there over that large forest, already shrouded by the blue mists of the evening. His tears begin again to flow: "Oh," he sighs, "nine long miles are now between me and Veile; never, perhaps, in this world, shall I see my good father and mother again. There comes the moon, how red, how big! No, how much nicer she was at home! the Veile moon I shall never forget! it is the most beautiful in the whole world! There is the great Bear, and there is north, and there," and his voice was choked by tears, "there is south, and there is the sea, where one can sail along the coast of

"Jutland home to Veile." Gentle sleep puts an end to his sorrows. The next morning he, for the first time, goes to the school, and is much teased by the boys; so it goes on for some weeks, till he gains a position at the expense of the simplicity he brought from home. Soon he is not ashamed to read half his lessons out of a book under the table, to tell an untruth if an advantage might be gained by it, and to ridicule his masters. Pride also found a ready receptacle in his heart, which particularly showed itself when he came home for the holidays. Then he spoke in a lofty strain to his old playmates, and used words which almost made their hairs stand on end, rhomboid, paradox, etc.; he told them about the moon and the stars, and that Denmark properly was called Thule. He progressed favourably at school till he reached the age of fifteen, when a circumstance occurred which, for a time, seriously disturbed his peace of mind. Old Brandt about this time married again, a girl scarcely twenty years old, Stine Hausen. Our hero actually feels for the first time love's cruel dart. Even when reading his Cicero and Virgil, her image is before his eyes; he wanders alone in the woods and pours forth his feelings in poems to Stine, a specimen of which is given. The whole affair is brought to a climax one summer's evening. Old Brandt was at the far end of his garden, inspecting his cabbages, whilst Adam, who was also in the garden, but nearer the house, accidentally casts a glance through the open window into the room. There, to his intense delight, he saw Stine reclining on the sofa, apparently asleep, but with a sly smile on her lips. Whether it was the effect of the red rays of the setting sun that illumined her face, was not certain, but truly there was on those cheeks a deeper blush than usual. Adam cannot resist any longer; he quickly leaps through the window, and, with a trembling heart, imprints a gentle kiss on those ruddy cheeks. Scarcely had he plucked the forbidden fruit, when the window was suddenly shut from outside with a violent noise, though there certainly was not the slightest trace of wind that evening. It was old Brandt, who, already suspicious, had, from a distance, watched all the movements of the boy. The scene that followed may easily be imagined; and the final consequence was that Adam had to seek other lodgings. He now felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and with renewed zeal applies himself to his studies. But these had naturally suffered so much whilst Cupid was his master, that at the next examination he got no prize, and was not promoted into a higher class; for, alas! the only subject in which he might have passed his examination satisfactorily was *ars amandi*. This, together with a sound warning letter from home, stirred up his naturally

ambitious mind, and after three years' diligent study, he was declared fit to leave college and enter the university at Copenhagen. In his first examination there, the so-called *examen artium*, he carried off honours, and the Second Canto concludes with a congratulatory epistle from his father and mother. Old Homo, after expressing his joy at this happy event, wishes Adam to choose for himself a fixed plan for his life, and gives him good advice how to move and gain a position in the society of the capital, referring to his own experience when he was a student himself. The chief rule he lays down is, to humour the tempers of the different people he comes in contact with, and never to oppose the opinions of anybody from whom favours might be expected. The whole letter is an able exposition of the great art the French call *savoir vivre*, and a man following up these rules must, humanly speaking, find success in *this* world; and that is the great and only object old Homo had in view for his son. Far different the letter from Mrs. Homo. After duly congratulating her son, she reminds him of the avenue of old trees between their garden and the sea, where he, when a little boy, often used to walk with her. She tells him that this place is still her favourite walk, and how her thoughts always are with her son, when she walks there and looks out upon the waves of the sea, which now separate them. "Yes, my Adam," she writes, "you are now sailing on the vast ocean of life; every wave bears you farther away from your mother, who loves you more than anybody else on this earth, and who cannot follow you." She finally makes him promise her to write to her every month, and to tell her about all his concerns. This letter is such a fresh effusion from her tender motherly heart, that, like the sinking sun still illumines the clouds above with a flash of golden light, Adam's heart was still joyfully moved, after he had laid the letter down. The joyful hope and the painful longing mingled in indescribably sweet harmony, whilst he looked out into the distance towards Jutland, where a large and bright star was glittering between the fleeting clouds.

In the beginning of the *Third Canto*, the first term of Adam's university life is described. Life seems like an enchanted garden, where dark and mysterious avenues lose themselves in the distance. Hopes, powerful and brilliant, as they are in the time of youth, give their colour to all his ideas. When listening to the lectures of learned professors, he sees himself already, at some future time, standing in their place as a celebrated apostle of science. Vanity, as will always be the case, has a large share in moulding his ideals; when in church he hears an eloquent sermon, by some celebrated pulpit-orator of the

metropolis, he feels as if the clerical career should be his highest aim; when in the theatre some famous play is acted by the first actors of the day, men of a first-class position in society, the histrionic or poetic laurel crown has a seducing charm for him: and when, on Sundays, the promenades are crowded with fashionably-dressed ladies, our hero, clear-eyed as few men, sees in every pretty girl his future bride. It is all *couleur de rose*, which then reflects itself in a long letter home, which, in itself is a classically-finished picture of the Copenhagen student's life. An account of a fashionable soirée follows, at the house of a rich banker, to which Adam was invited, because he had entered the university at the same time as the banker's son, and had afterwards cultivated his acquaintance to some extent. As this evening was to be of importance in Adam's life, we will follow him to the banker's house. Three brilliantly lighted saloons are thrown open for the company. In the first the older gentlemen are engaged in card-playing, and, as only men who can boast of some glittering order on their breast, are to be admitted to this sanctum, the visitor is quite dazzled by all those shining stars and ribands; like the multitude of stars on the heavenly firmament, it is quite bewildering. In the second saloon the supper-table is laid; and in the third, the younger members of the company have assembled for a game and a dance. But as yet the proper spirit seems to be wanting, and the usual nervousness at the beginning of such a party prevails. This is soon changed by the appearance on the scene of an elegantly-dressed gentleman, age somewhere between thirty and sixty, but still of an astonishingly youthful bearing and appearance, who goes by the name of Van Pahlen. He is at once introduced to Adam Homo, and recognises in him, immediately, the sort of man he was in want of. They both enter with life and spirit into all the games, and the excitement of the evening never flags till the late hour when the company breaks up. From that day Adam and Pahlen are inseparable. From morning till evening they stroll about together, their whole day one scene of dissipation. Adam's tribute on the altar of friendship is only time, Pahlen's, billiards, theatre, balls, &c. With life-like reality, the beginning and growth of this friendship, and the gradual but sure undermining of Adam's innocence, are described. Of this part of the drama, we will only cast a glance at the concluding scene; One day the two friends were riding together through one of the suburbs of Copenhagen, Adam in front at a sharp gallop. Pahlen reminds him that the horse was his, and begs him not to over-exert it; but Adam returns a proud answer and gallops

away. They soon reach an inn, where Pahlen is determined to have his revenge. After having largely partaken of hot punch, he lays a wager that Adam would not have the courage to kiss the wife of the innkeeper, who just at that moment is entering the room. Adam, heated by the punch he had drunk, does not hesitate one moment, but, in the most impetuous manner, embraces and kisses the woman. Her shrieks attract the notice of her husband, who knocks Adam down, whilst Pahlen, on the sofa, is almost dying with laughter. This was too much for Adam's proud soul; he broke with Pahlen at once, repented of it a few days afterwards, but as Pahlen from henceforth treated him as if he had never seen him before, he again returned to his former quiet life. But, alas, how different did everything look now! He had arrived at a turning point in his life.

We see our hero in the beginning of the *Fourth Canto* trying in vain to settle down to his theological studies. How insipid did they now appear to him! He had so accustomed himself to an idle sort of life, that he must continue it. One consequence of this was that he did not advance one step, and the other that he got deep into debts. His allowance from home was but small, and soon he had to resort to that means of making a living so common among the poorer students in Copenhagen, namely, to give private lessons. One of them was in the house of a rich nobleman, Count de Fix. His first introduction there is characteristic. He is ushered into the room by servants in gorgeous liveries. The two boys whom he is to instruct romp about in the room, and scarcely take any notice of him. Soon the Countess enters accompanied by her daughter Clara, who is to take part in the history lessons. The appearance of this dashing young lady completely bewilders our hero, and he can scarcely answer the questions of the Countess; for, truly, here was before him an ideal more beautiful than his boldest dreams could fashion it. With great trouble he gets through the first hour; and when at home, in his little room, he had to confess to himself that an indescribable longing drew him towards Clara. That same evening Clara herself, when looking at the reflection of her really charming face in her looking-glass, came to the conclusion that so young a teacher could not possibly be blind, and that history was by no means such an uninteresting subject as she had thought. With great humour the development of this *liaison* is carried through. On Adam's part it was love, heartfelt and true; on the part of Clara, almost exclusively coquetry. The result may easily be imagined. One day Clara was cold, the next again excessively friendly, and Adam's

feelings, every day, took shape accordingly. Once, the old Countess, who otherwise always was present at these lessons, was called out, to receive a long-expected visitor, and Adam, for the first time, was alone with Clara, as also the two boys, for some reason or other, were not there. She seemed particularly cross, never looked at him, and would scarcely answer his questions. But Adam was determined not to let the favourable opportunity slip, but make a bold attack. The subject of the lesson was Roman history, and they had just arrived at that point where the "*lex canuleja*" was passed, which sanctioned marriages between patricians and plebeians. Our hero highly eulogized this institution, proving clearly, at least to himself, that this was the root from which Rome's greatness sprang. Clara, to-day, in her most aristocratic humour, coldly overthrew all his reasons by saying, that the first germ for Rome's destruction was laid by this act, and that such things in our days would only do for fairy tales and novels; but that, in the real world, like always seeks like. More than ever did Adam feel the immense gulf between her and him. He can stand it no longer, and, pleading ill, he abruptly finishes his lesson. Gladly would Clara now have called him back and given him a kind look, a smile; but in vain, he had gone to return no more. "Why," she exclaims, when alone, "must, just to day, mamma not allow me to wear my pink dress, and put me in such a bad humour!" Thus thought Clara, whilst Adam, in the wildest emotion, hastens home. He threw himself on his sofa, and gave way to his grief. Life seemed to him now a dark nothingness, without an aim worthy to live for. He had fancied that she really loved him; he had built a fairy-temple on a foundation of sand; he had put into it all his thoughts, his hopes, his ideals; in it alone he had lived,—and now one wave had come and swept it all away. He began quickly to pace up and down in his room till it grew dark, and little Lottie, the servant, came to bring fire. For the first time it strikes him that she is beautiful; his heart is overflowing with grief; he wants some soul to comfort him, some kindred heart, into which he could pour out all his sorrows. He vehemently embraces Lottie, and draws her down beside him on the sofa. The poor girl, who long since had secretly loved Adam, in vain resists his passionate advances. Strange is the mind of man, and where is the sage who could fully understand it? He who for trifling deeds lacks the courage, will often easily enter on the boldest undertakings; he who cannot see blood will often boldly rush into the midst of battle; he who dare not touch a Clara, does not hesitate to seduce a little Lottie. Mys-

terious is the labyrinth of fate. Because a young and vain countess could not wear a pink dress, it became night in Adam's soul, made him blind to all reasons of honour, and poor Lottie must fall. Slighted by a proud coquette, whom he still loved with all his heart, he made a girl a mistress who never had laid snares for him. Many and beautiful reflections on passion follow. To crown all his misfortunes, Adam about this time loses most of his private lessons, because he no longer attended properly to them; and, worst of all, he received a letter from home, in which his father told him that he was reduced to such straits, as not to be able to send him any more monthly allowance. He hopes, however, that this will not seriously affect Adam, since he had always spoken in such glowing terms of his splendid financial condition. This shock was hard, but it was beneficial, for it all at once awoke Adam from the dream-life in which he had spent the last month or two. Now that misfortunes crowded upon him, he felt an elasticity of mind, an energy totally unknown to him in the bright days of dreamy happiness. There was no other way open; some bold step must be taken. The first thought was, that he now must give up Lottie, who had only been a toy to soothe him in his dark hours. Still he felt truly sorry for her, and after he had taken humble lodgings in a distant part of the town, he sent her a letter, informing her, in the kindest manner possible, that she must try to forget him, and enclosed all the ready money he had in his possession. The next thing was to sell his watch, his books, and all his best clothes, and to accept an appointment as teacher in a large school, where the remuneration certainly is small, but just sufficient to keep him alive, and to satisfy the most pressing of his creditors. In shabby attire we see our hero now every day skulk through the most lonely streets, in order not to meet former friends. From morning till evening he has to sit in his class and instruct dull youths in the first rudiments of Latin and Greek, till he has driven away every reasonable thought from his head by the constant monotony and repetition; and when night, the time of rest for the weary has come, he must sit up late, to pursue his own studies. Months passed in this manner. "With what" asks the poet, "shall we compare the soul that has to leave the paradise, which it believed his, at whose door sorrow, stern and real, knocks for the first time? It is like a nation, which peacefully and securely lived in a fertile plain for many years. But suddenly a powerful enemy appears and drives them away from their homes. They have to seek a place of refuge among the high mountains; there they have to accustom themselves to

“the cold blasts, to walk on giddy heights, to find a path through
 “the gloomy pine forests. But this time of hardships becomes a
 “blessing to them; now that dangers surround them on all
 “sides, the hidden power which was slumbering in their breast,
 “awakes, their views expand, without sorrow they can look
 “down upon the blooming plains which they formerly inhabited,
 “and with a proud feeling of liberty breathe the free mountain
 “air.” In this spirit Adam battled with adverse fate alone, for
 his letters home spoke of nothing but happiness.

Of the *Fifth Canto*, although particularly full of beautiful reflections, we shall give but a short sketch. In spite of all his toiling from morning till night, Adam could scarcely get on. He lost all confidence in himself, and it became dark night in his soul. If anybody had now taken his life from him, he would not have cared for it, because there was not even the slightest ray of hope to illumine the gloom: and what is life without hope? He sank deeper and deeper; his only companions were two abandoned girls; they were the only beings who spoke in a kind strain to him; but this state could not last for any length of time—the crash was near at hand. One dark and stormy night, a better feeling in his heart suddenly roused him to his senses; he tore himself forcibly away from his orgies. There he stood in the street, haggard and pale, his hair dishevelled by the wild gusts of wind; all his resources were completely exhausted, all his prospects blighted, all his friends had forsaken him; there was fever in his blood, fever in his brain, and, without an aim, he swiftly ran through the dark and silent streets, till at last he found himself on Langebro, the bridge which connects Copenhagen with Christianshorn. There he stood still for a moment. Below him the waves of the Sound splashed their white foam against the breakers, and above, dark masses of clouds, endless, unbroken, and completely hiding every star, sailed rapidly across the heavens. “Oh!” he sighs, “too small is this earth for all its endless sorrows, therefore
 “the sea was made so large and deep; its voice calls me, its
 “arms are outstretched towards me, already it has lifted up its
 “soft coverlet, gently to spread it over me, when the last step of
 “this dismal life has been taken. Deep in its waters no dawn
 “shall wake me to a new day full of terrors. Why do I hesitate? The dark gates are opened, death stares me in the eyes;
 “I feel it, my hour has come! How the storm howls! How
 “the waves lift higher their foamy crests! They want to seize
 “their victim! Away from pain and need! Before me
 “peace, behind me only death!” With these thoughts he quickly began to mount the balustrade; but before he could

accomplish this a strong hand tore him away from behind, and a deep voice asked him whether he was mad. A tall man, whom he had never seen before, stood there. He felt ashamed, and, faltering an excuse, he hastened home, always followed by the stranger, who never lost sight of him till he had reached his lodgings. "Was that my good genius, who saved me from the brink of an abyss?" he mused, while lying in his bed. He came to no conclusion, for his constitution, wrought up to highest pitch of excitement, was quite broken by the sudden reaction. He was really and seriously ill, and soon became so delirious, that he knew nothing of what passed around him. For several weeks he continued in this state, hanging between life and death, till, at last, the decisive crisis came. He happily passed it, and one morning, after a night's quiet slumber, he awoke, still weak, but refreshed, and completely out of danger. He looked around him. But did his eyes deceive him? There was his mother sitting by his bedside. And it was no dream, but sweet reality; she stretched her hand towards him, she looked at him with those same eyes, so full of beauty and soul, that had sent him the last good-night, before falling asleep, when still he was a blessed child. He could constrain himself no longer, but, bending forward in his bed, laid his head to his mother's breast, and silently wept. How had she come here? Little explanation was required. Long since, her mother's eye had looked through the veil spread over every letter Adam sent home; she had added experience to experience, and when, at last, no more letters arrived, she hastened over to Copenhagen, full of the gloomiest forebodings, just in time to save her child from the brink of the grave, and prove a faithful nurse to him. Without reproving her son for the past, she gently applied the healing influences of a true heart's religion to his mind, and not in vain. The lesson Adam had received in the past would have been sufficient to turn a more perverse heart than his. The time of his youth seemed renewed, and again we see the "man" Adam kneel by the side of his mother, and pray fervently for grace and strength to continue in the newly-begun course. And when completely restored to health, he bid adieu to his mother, who returned to Jutland; she could part without fear for the future.

The end of this Canto preliminarily introduces a new figure on the scene. Adam, during the following years, studied most assiduously, and seldom mixed in society. Once only he met, at a party, a being who was to become of the utmost importance for his future life; who was destined to become his

good angel in the severest trials, his "Beatrice" to lead him to brighter realms. This was *Alma Stjerne*, the daughter of a large gardener in one of the western suburbs of Copenhagen. Like a gentle flower, she bloomed amidst the wilderness of the metropolis, pure and unsullied by its tainting influences.

V.

A SECT OF "FILTHY DREAMERS."*

WE mention this work to our readers, not in the thought that to most of them it can be either a desirable or even interesting task to peruse it, but as an illustration of the tendencies of heathenism, or, which is the same thing, the unrenewed, unguided, and unenlightened human mind. The work is of great interest, and even of importance. We know very little of Hindooism in this country. Some of our religious teachers, especially some ministers of the Established Church—not many, it is true, but men of great weight and power—have attempted to inspire us with affection for the abstractions of Hindooism; we have heard a great deal about its high-toned mysticism, and so on. As we have said, we know little of it. What we do know has not either created within us feelings of veneration or given to us at all the thought that there was in it anything that could really help the yearning and disconsolate spirit of man. Its pictorial and symbolic words have, very frequently, at the chemic touch of a scholar like Max Müller, opened up before us a great wonderland, like that of the old Teutonic mythology—a diverse and different, and yet like mode of reading off and turning into symbolism the abstractions of the human spirit and the occult forces of nature, making both concrete, sensuous, idolatrous, and, in most instances, horrible or ludicrous. Meantime, while scholars and philologists are at work upon the vast stores of the literature of Hindooism, there emerge before us sects revealing that whatever may be the abstract dream, the fantastic shape of aerial or sensuous beauty, the man him-

* *History of the Sect of Mahárájás, or Vallabhácháryas, in Western India.* Trübner and Co.

self corrupts the very conception to the purposes of utter beastliness and brutality: this is the story of the volume before us. As we have said, we by no means supposed that it will be interesting to ordinary readers; but it is an illustration for Dr. Colenso, and other writers like him, who maintain, as he tells us, that the Bible is written on the human heart, without the need of the external letter, and that the belief in the living God would remain as sure as ever, were the whole Bible removed. As an illustration steps into the witness box the sect of the Mahárájás, a sect of men whose religion is simply a creed of profligacy, debauchery, and licentiousness, themselves treated with reverence and profound veneration, as every one a kind of offspring of the god Krishna. From their birth, they are the precocious practisers of every depravity, only receiving the smiles of women, and the abject and debasing servility of men; living not only as gross sensualists, but making this the very essential of their religious faith and practice. They sweep clean and entirely away all ideas of conscience, pollution, sin. Why, look, the Maháráj says, speaking of the marriage of Krishna:—

If, as between God and this world, there has existed only the relation of father and children (as maintained by them), then S'ri Krishna would not have married these maidens. But in God all relations abide. Both man and woman have sprung from God. Wherefore, with God, the two species of man and woman do not exist. Both these are the spirit of God. Consequently he is at play with his own spirit. In that no sin is incurred either by God or by (this) world. If any sin be committed (by such conduct) S'ri Krishna would not have married the daughters of the kings. Thus (you) see how much contrary to the S'ástras have they represented the subject, and confounded the ignorant.

This little extract admits our readers into the religious doctrine of the sect; the keystone of the arch, whose whole structure is a system of "filthy dreaming." The volume before us illustrates the immense value of the system of education now going on in India, which, in many instances, while merely secular, and not implying the teaching of Christian truth, is coloured and influenced by the whole Christian faith and life. The elevation of the whole character of man; the reverence and veneration due to woman; the knowledge of the hidden forces and powers of nature, form the new principles growing out of the relations of India to England: perhaps greatly independent of missionary operations, came the great trial of which this volume is the intelligent and instructive narrative. There are Hindoos, and

they have their newspapers, who desire to compass the work of reform, to elevate the character and condition of their people, although themselves not converted to Christianity, yet approximating to its humanity and intelligence. Before such an influence as this it would, of course, be foreseen that the Mahárájás—a sect of men holding society by the throat, with a powerful grasp, for the gratification of their evil passions and propensities, and resting their power on hereditary superstition of the most debasing character, maintained by craft and cunning—would be inevitably overthrown. The chief organ of the party of reforming Hindoos is the *Satya Prakásh* (the Light of Truth). This paper was actually edited by one who had been a follower of the Mahárájás; he was familiar with all their mysteries and evil practices, and had frequently denounced and exposed their immorality and corruption. We believe our readers would scarcely thank us for attempting, at any length, to detail the particulars which led to the celebrated Maháráj libel case. For a long time the Mahárájás had resorted to every available means to endeavour to silence the writer in the *Satya Prakásh*. At last the affair found its way into the Supreme Law Court of Bombay. The trial extended over forty days, and, during a long course of rigid cross-examining evidence, the sect, for the first time, became clearly and distinctly known to the world. We notice, among the principal witnesses against the Mahárájás, one who had been greatly celebrated, Lakhmídás Khimji. He had been trained from his childhood in the filthy doctrine of their faith. Suddenly, in his life, there came a moment when the conviction flashed upon his mind, that religion can never be a plea for immorality. We suppose he did not cease to hold the Hindoo faith, but he gave most damaging evidence against the Maháráj. An immense world of learning, in which, we are glad to see, our own eminent scholar, Dr. Wilson, contributed his surpassing stores, was poured before the judges. It was a great conquest, even had the case been utterly lost; for the Mahárájás had hitherto maintained their independence of courts of law, and objected to enter them. The editor of the volume before us says, upon the issue of the whole:—

We cannot do better than terminate this portion of the subject with the close of the judgment of the learned Puisne Judge, Sir Joseph Arnould, who says, in his admirable finding:—

"This trial has been spoken of as having involved a great waste of the public time. I cannot quite agree with that opinion. No doubt much time has been spent in hearing this cause, but I would fain hope it has not been all time wasted. It seems impossible that this matter

should have been discussed thus openly before a population so intelligent as that of the natives of Western India, without producing its results. It has probably taught some to think; it must have led many to enquire. It is not a question of theology that has been before us; it is a question of morality. The principle for which the defendant and his witnesses have been contending is simply this, that what is morally wrong cannot be theologically right; that when practices which sap the very foundations of morality, which involve a violation of the eternal and immutable laws of Right, are established in the name and under the sanction of Religion, they ought, for the common welfare of society, and in the interest of humanity itself, to be publicly denounced and exposed. They have denounced—they have exposed them. At a risk and at a cost which we cannot adequately measure, these men have done determined battle against a foul and powerful delusion. They have dared to look custom and error boldly in the face, and proclaim before the world of their votaries that their evil is not good, that their lie is not the truth. In thus doing, they have done bravely and well. It may be allowable to express a hope that what they have done will not have been in vain; that the seed they have sown will bear its fruit: that their courage and consistency will be rewarded by a steady increase in the number of those whom their words and their examples have quickened into thought, and animated to resistance, whose homes they have helped to cleanse from loathsome lewdness, and whose souls they have set free from a debasing bondage."

The history of the sect of Vallabháchárya, which has been here unfolded, reads like a chapter of romance. It is the history of a sect in which immorality is elevated to the rank of a *divine* law. The immutable distinctions of right and wrong, the sharp line of demarcation between virtue and vice, human personality and human responsibility, are lost and confounded in a system of theology which begins in lewdness and ends in the complete subversion of the first principles of our common nature. Such a system has, perhaps, no parallel in the annals of our race. Its effects can be more easily conceived than described. It has checked and arrested the healthy growth of all moral power. It has furnished its votaries with principles of action, which, if carried out in their integrity, must produce the dissolution of society; for it treats holiness of life as a crime, and proclaims to "the world of its votaries" that man becomes acceptable to his MAKER *in and through sin.*

It would be strange indeed if the discussions awakened by the trial should bring about no tangible result. The sect, though to all appearance powerful in organization, is in an unsettled state. While the old and bigoted cling with pertinacity to the dogmas of their childhood, the young and the educated detach themselves more and more from its contaminating influences. Assailed from without, and racked by internal dissensions, the Vallabhácháryan faith must, sooner or later, be superseded by a more rational form of worship. The obstacles in the way of a thorough revolution are great, but not insurmountable. That

the power of the Mahárájás for evil is not what it was fifteen years ago, is one sign of progress. Let us express a fervent hope that by the combined exertions in the steady co-operation of all lovers of truth and moral purity, the Vallabhácháryans may emerge from the darkness of error and falsehood into the glorious light of day, and that the faith proclaimed by Vallábha four hundred years ago may be crushed by the weight of its own enormities!

Our point of interest in the matter may be perceived, and our readers will, we trust, accept the story of the whole case as an illustration of the way in which the paths are being prepared for a future, final, and complete triumph of Christianity. The volume before us is unfit for general reading. Here and there, in the unfolding of the history of the theology and doctrine of the Maháráj, there is that which amuses by its grotesque exaggeration of folly, as when we read of the residence of Krishna, Gou Loka, the indestructible region, outside of which all is subject to annihilation, but where the god, who is the colour of a dark cloud, in the bloom of youth, clad in yellow raiment, splendidly adorned with celestial gems, and holding a flute, for ever dwells in the full and eternal enjoyment of his wife Rádhá, and three hundred millions of gopis, or female companions; each gopi has a separate palace of her own, and three millions of female attendants. The whole of this mischief of the Mahárájás seems to have come out of a quarrel between two of these gopis about Krishna. All this, and the like of it, may provoke our pity and contempt, but when we remember what are its consequences—that it is this faith which influences and debases human character, which strengthens the power of priest-craft; that out of this debasing superstition descends the belief that every one of these Mahárájás is an incarnate god, and that every woman to whom he shows his favours has received honour as from an incarnate god,—can we refrain from horror more than from disgust?—

Some females, in their impassioned devotion, dedicate themselves wholly to this sensual enjoyment; and are so strongly impressed with its beneficial and meritorious efficacy, that they dedicate their daughters to the same service. It has often happened, in the case of the sickness of husband or child, that, in order to procure their recovery, women have vowed to dedicate their daughters to the embraces of the priest. But it must be remembered that females, when young, are already initiated, as far as sight is concerned, in the alluring mysteries of this profligate religious frenzy: they behold from infancy all the processes of the atrocious superstition, and grow up to maturity in the pestilential atmosphere of moral impurity. They are thus prepared for what follows.

Nay, it appeared, upon the trial, that there is in India "a club of Bháttíás, called 'Ras Mandali,' of which the members "are very much respected, as they pay greater homage to the "Mahárájás and commit more adultery." It appeared in evidence that the Mahárájás have been, for a lengthened period, so far indentified by their followers with Krishna, and regarded as gods, and worshipped as gods, that it would, perhaps, be absolutely impossible to pronounce from the texts of their holy books how far the injunctions to acts of worship could be separated from the Maháráj and Krishna. We have placed before our readers some of the particulars of this trial, in the character and result of which the civilization and well-being of India are so immediately involved. We accept it as a fair and genuine statement of the results of pantheistic doctrine anywhere; and impure as are the suggestions of the following passage, we cite it for the consideration of those who, in our own country, have maintained the purity and elevation of Hindooism:—

This succinct statement seems to contain the essence of the whole matter. It is Krishna, the darling of the 16,000 gopis (or shepherdesses); Krishna the love-hero—the husband of the 16,000 princesses, who is the paramount object of Vallabháchárya's worship. This tinges the whole system with the stain of carnal sensualism, of strange, transcendental lewdness. See, for instance, how the sublime Bráhmínical doctrine of union with "Brahma" is tainted and degraded by this sensuous mode of regarding the Deity. According to the old Bráhmínical tenet, "BRAHMA" the All-containing and Indestructible, the Soul of which the Universe is the Body, abides from eternity to eternity as the fontal source of all spiritual existence: reunion with Brahma, absorption into Brahma, is the beatitude for which every separated spirit yearns, and which, after animating its appointed cycle of individuated living organisms, it is ultimately destined to attain. The teachers of the Vallabháchárya sect do not absolutely discard this great tenet, but they degrade it. I have no wish to wade through all the theosophic nonsense and nastiness of the plaintiff's own chapter on "Adulterine Love;" but one of the myths he thus cites on the authority of the *Brihad Vámán Purán*, perfectly illustrates what I mean. For many ages the incarnations of the Veds prayed Shri Krishna, the most Excellent Being, for a sight of his form: the wish being granted, desire was produced in them and they prayed to Krishna to satisfy their hearts' desire, so that they might enjoy with him in the form of women: this desire also was granted, and the traditions under the form of women enjoyed Krishna as gopis with adulterine love in the mythical forest of "Vrij."

The comment of the plaintiff (for he is without question the writer or

dictator of this article) upon this is, that if there were any sin in adulterine love, Krishna would not have turned these Veds into gopis for the purpose of enjoying them; but there *is* no sin in such love when its object is God: for "God is all form. He is in the form of father, and he is in the form of husband; he is in the form of brother, and he is in the form of son. In whatever shape one may wish to love God, his wishes are complied with accordingly."

Thus, then, is the pure and sublime notion of the reunion of all spirits that animate living but perishable forms, with the Eternal Spirit, not limited by form, debased into a . . . sensuous of the manifestations or "avatárs" of God.

"Professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and "changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made "like unto corruptible man. For this cause God gave them up "to vile affections."

VI.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

FROM the Religious Tract Society we have received a batch of annuals and other occasional works, which will not tend to detract from its reputation, either for interest or beauty of appearance. *Our Life. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil* (Religious Tract Society.)—is a drawing-room annual. A series of extracts, from the most famous pages of our English literature, are made to illustrate the successive periods of human life. Each period is introduced by a page of Scripture texts, in richly illuminated black letter, while the pencils of distinguished artists—Noel Humphreys, J. D. Watson, Selous, Du Maurier, Barnes, Whimperis, Sulman, &c., &c.—have been called into requisition, for the purpose of giving the illustrations to which we have referred. Many of them give that refreshing and re-collecting sense to the eye which is the charm of this order of books. We refer again, however, to the illuminations, as frequently most beautiful.

HERE also come our old, well loved, and expected* friends, *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home*. (Religious Tract Society.)—We have always expressed ourselves so heartily about these two periodicals, that we really find nothing more to say. Some of the remarks we make above, referring to *Our Life*, are

very applicable to these books. A family unable to command the higher works of art, may find among these pages a rich world of suggestion and delight. First of all, our eye glanced, as we opened *The Leisure Hour*, upon a most faithful rendering of Turner's great picture of the *Old Téméraire*. Both volumes are richly illustrated with these delightful chromos. The wood engravings are in most copious profusion, and are, usually, all that could be desired—portraits of eminent men, ancient and modern, scenes and places, copies of celebrated pictures. Nor must we forget the letter-press. We have not read "The Old Manor House," in *The Sunday at Home*, but it seems to be a pleasant pleasant old English story of manifold English life; while "The Two Voyages," evidently carries the reader among the charming and exciting scenery of the Pacific. For refreshing books, at the close of a worrying day; for a present to a faithful servant; good for the parlour; good for the kitchen,—few books of their kind, and none of the same price, can rival these periodicals.

SO, also, *The Cottager and Artisan*. (Religious Tract Society.) —Here is everything for one shilling and sixpence; rich engravings again; story, text, quaint poetry; the happy idea of the two pages, every month, of great, big, bold type for poor old Betty, or old Grandfather. It is single and individual, even in its class. Right heartily we wish it an immensely increasing circulation among the homes of the poor.

LYRA Americana: Hymns of Praise and Faith from American Poets. (Religious Tract Society.)—is a beautiful little book; a very pleasant selection; but more up to the mark in its outward getting up than in its compilation. A very great many names of American sacred poets do not appear. Some of the best things of those from whom selections are made are not given. There was room for a much more comprehensive work in this country. Very strangely, little is known in general of American writers; yet there are constantly coming from the press, pieces which would do all susceptible hearts and minds good to read; and during the last half century, we may even say century, writers have given their thoughts and verses to the press, worthy of being known, but quite unknown beyond a very limited circulation. But this volume does not profess to be more than a concise and partial selection: only *Lyra Americana* suggests a comparison with *Lyra Germanica*, and it will not be safe to institute that.

WHILE *They are with Us: Jessie and her Friends: Basil; or, Honesty and Industry.* (Religious Tract Society.)—are three of the well-known Sunday School library books. We have been unable to read them. We mention them with pleasure; the character of the Religious Tract Society guarantees them in sentiment, type, and illustration. *While They are with Us* is scarcely an expressive title; but many of its pages seem to us very good and striking. It is an illustrated sermon upon seizing present opportunity for being and doing good.

WE must not allow the pages of our Book Club to close without noticing a cluster of children's season books before us. First and foremost, for the girl emerging out of girlhood, we have *Faith Gartney's Girlhood.* By the Author of "*The Gayworthys.*" (Sampson Low, & Co.)—This work preceded *The Gayworthys.* We think we give it high praise in saying it is not unworthy of the reputation of that good and thoroughly excellent book. It is a story told for the purpose of showing how a girl who really desires to do her duty, in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her, may find, and make the most of her opportunities; but every girl is not a Faith Gartney. We are not about to take any exception, or offer any criticism in detail upon the development of the story; perhaps we may think that Roger Armstrong ought to have continued unmarried all his life; but our simple purpose now is to say that the humour, natural description, the frequent searching hints upon human life, the frequent fine elucidative touching of a text of Scripture, the spirit of cheerful labour, and faith, and love, the view of every life as having its own reality, and therefore being a subject for moral earnestness; all these characteristics, which so brightly meet in *The Gayworthys*, meet in another adaptation here. Since we have read the book, we have determined ourselves on giving a copy of it as a nice Christmas present to two or three pleasant little sweethearts of ours; and perhaps this best expresses our sense of its value.

AN exceedingly nice book, as well as a title of titles, is *Merry and Wise; A Magazine for Young People.* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)—This volume, with its most beautiful and attractive cover, comes to us as *Old Merry's Annual.* It appears to have plenty of entertainment in it: stories of variegated colour and character; fresh pieces of pleasant music; enigmas; pieces of travel; hints for Bible-classes; contributions from Mrs. Webb, and Fredrika Bremer, and Nelsie Brook. It is altogether a most beautiful and presentable little volume.

OUR *Children's Pets*. By Josephine. With numerous Illustrations. (S. W. Partridge.)—This ought to be a favourite with children, for it is full of pictures, many of them very good; the letter-press also is likely to find favour in the eyes of the little ones, though we scarcely estimate it so highly as to think that the information, "The right of translation is reserved," was necessary.

THE *Children's Friend Series* brings to us in cheap, but most beautiful and attractive gear, *Ronald's Reason; or, the Little Cripple*. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Partridge); and *Sybil and her Live Snowball*. By the Author of "*Dick and his Donkey*." (Partridge.)—These little things ought, on every account, to be favourites with the very wee folk.

ALSO, to those who desire to teach Scripture story though the eye, we may mention *Christ's Wonderful Works*, and *The Childhood of Jesus*. (John F. Shaw.)—These little mamma's manuals have illustrations, plain and coloured, which may assist in making a little one apprehend a meaning, or be a resting-place while telling the story.

WE have great pleasure in setting before our readers again, *The Enlarged and Illustrated Edition of Dr. Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language*. Edited by Drs. Goodrich and Porter. Part XI. (Bell and Daldy.)—This part gives another proof to our anticipation that this will be, taken altogether, the best dictionary of the English language. It contains a most valuable and interesting appendix, an explanatory and pronouncing vocabulary of the names of noted fictitious persons and places, &c., by William Wheeler, M.A. This will very greatly add to the value of the work. We may take an opportunity of speaking more at length when it is completed before us.

BUT as a portable handbook dictionary, we must not refuse a cordial commendation to *The Student's English Dictionary, Etymological, Pronouncing, and Explanatory*. By John Ogilvie, LL.D., Editor of the *Imperial* and of the *Comprehensive Dictionaries*. *The Pronunciation Adapted to the best Modern Usages*, by Richard Cull, F.S.A. Illustrated with about three hundred engravings on wood. (Blackie and Son.)—This may be regarded as a condensation of the great *Imperial Dictionary*; but it is portable, com-

prehensive, and, to most persons, we suppose, it will be sufficient. It is, of course, elegantly and lucidly printed; the words strike the eye with great distinctness; the illustrations are helpful; and, in every sense, it may be commended as a cheap and sufficient young student's or family's guide through the vexed questions of the English lexicon.

WE have only just received, but in time to give our hearty congratulation upon the publication of the *Gospel Treasury, and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists; the Text in the words of the Authorized Version, arranged according to Greswell's Harmonia Evangelica. Compiled by Robert Mimpriss.* (Elliot Stock.)—In this handsome volume, we have that which we have long desired, a most beautiful and satisfactory library edition of Mr. Mimpriss's *Treasury*. It is a prodigious body of labour; but Mr. Mimpriss lives for, and in, this one book—to make it known, and give it effect. We often fear, as they come before us, that his earnest, unselfish labours do not always meet the acknowledgment and encouragement they deserve. His publisher, also, Mr. Elliot Stock, must be a man of great faith and intrepidity to take in hand so great and costly an undertaking. We should have been glad to devote more specific attention to the characteristics of the book, for the purpose of bringing it more distinctly beneath the notice of our readers, if that can be necessary: we, however, only received this volume just as we were going to press; and we mention it at once, that we may miss no opportunity of inducing all ministers, and such, able to purchase it, to purchase; and of advising, rich deacons to take care that it is presented to their poorer ministers, when unable to purchase it for themselves.

FROM Messrs. T. and T. Clark we receive, as the contribution to the Foreign Theological Library, the *Commentary on the Gospel of St. John; by E. W. Hengstenberg, D. D., Vol. II. Translated from the German.* (T. and T. Clark.)—The *Commentary* of Dr. Hengstenberg will prove a valuable addition to our evangelistic literature. He has not the frequent piercing glances of intuitional eyesight of Tholuck, but, ordinarily, he will, perhaps, help even more; his thorough competency our readers know and appreciate; nor will they expect him to pare down the sense by either a needless or too refining criticism, while yet on every page he breaks the fossil word by the hammer of criticism, and gives new lights and meanings as lamps to reverence and affection.

ANOTHER contribution to Clark's Foreign Library is the *Biblical Commentary on the Old Testament*, by C. F. Keil, D.D., and F. Delitzsch, D.D., Vol. IV. : *Joshua, Judges, Ruth*. Translated by Rev. James Martin, B.A. (T. & T. Clark.)

—The method pursued by these two commentators is now well known to our readers ; it is, no doubt, of the harder and higher order of exegesis, rather than criticism. We have frequently, however, noticed the interest with which they invest these oldest circumstances and records ; and this volume seems to teem with such interest, delightful to those readers who desire to use every help of language and history, manners and customs, for the purpose of becoming really intimately acquainted with the oldest histories of the Word of God.

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